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NATIONAL REVIEW

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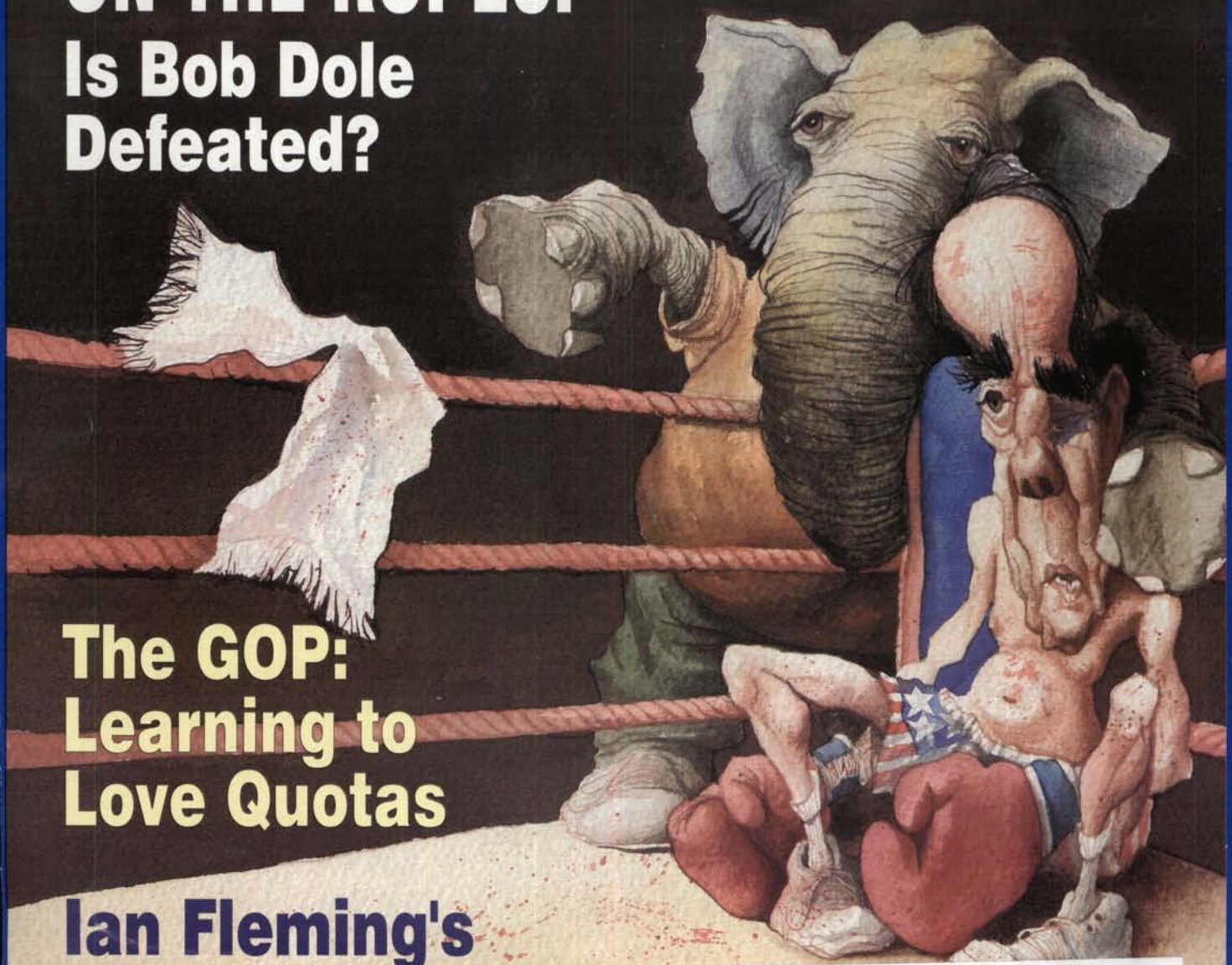

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NATIONAL REVIEW

AUGUST 12, 1996 VOL. XLVIII, NO. 15

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On the Ropes: Is Dole Defeated?
Bob Dole's stumbling campaign is the triumph of Nixonian strategy over conservative substance, explains **Richard Brookhiser** (p. 42). . . . And congressional Republicans are becoming disheartened by the Dole campaign's inability to define itself, reports **Rich Lowry** (p. 26). . . . But demographic shifts add up to a Republican advantage in the coming election, figures **Patrick Reddy** (p. 45). . . . **Grover Norquist** sees some conservative achievements in Dole's record (p. 43). . . . **Kate O'Beirne** foresees a campaign shift to the Right (p. 28) . . . and *NR*'s editors tell them how.

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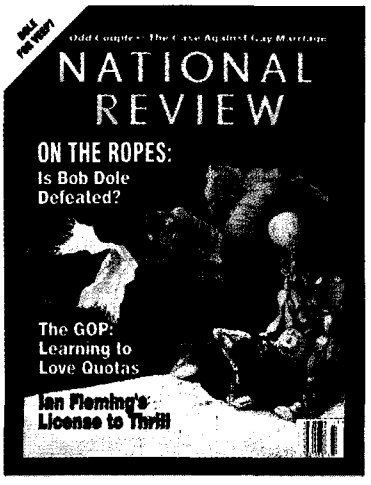

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LETTERS

Veepstakes

Your roundup of Veep prospects ["See How They Run," July 29] is about the best such piece in print today. NATIONAL REVIEW deserves its reputation as the conservative bible. You do, however, lose a little bit of your sense of history now and then. Kate O'Beirne writes that Dan Lungren of California would mobilize Notre Dame alumni. If you check your archives, you'll find that you gave pretty much the same advice in 1964 about a guy named Bill Miller. Bill who?

Stanley Goldstein
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

Casting Blame

Kevin Myers's "Irish Revolutionary Violence" [July 15] is the best overview of the IRA–Sinn Fein chicanery I have read in an American publication. As an American of Irish (four sides) descent who owns a second home in the Republic, I have prayed that someone in this country would have the guts to tell it like it is—that it is in no one's interest to recreate another 1920s Civil War. There is certainly no Michael Collins on the scene, and if there were, he would once again be at the top of the IRA assassination list. I am also disgusted by the toadying on both sides of the aisle in Congress to the unspeakable Gerry Adams.

Michael W. Cunningham
Darien, Conn.

Mr. Myers is misguided and uninformed. More regrettably, it was disappointing that NATIONAL REVIEW once again allowed itself to be a forum for British apologists to an extent that would embarrass even the British Foreign Office.

Indeed, Mr. Myers goes so far that he is a liar or, in his words, a "cretin." For instance, while claiming that Northern Ireland "prospered" in the 1960s, he makes no mention that Catholics were effectively denied the right to vote, were consigned to subhuman housing, and suffered the highest unemployment rates in Western Europe. Nor does he state that the IRA was virtually non-existent at the time and that the violence originated with the loyalists and the government security forces who brutalized and murdered innocent Catholics when they peacefully requested their civil rights.

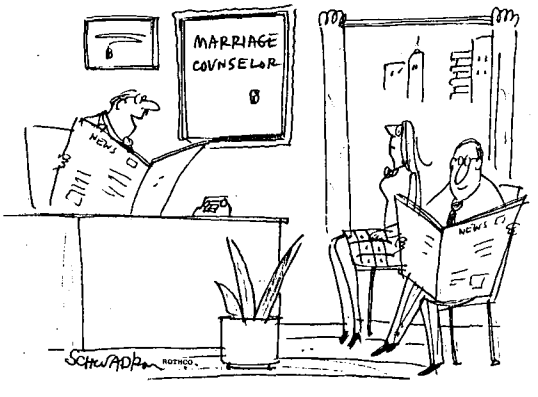
As for Gerry Adams—I have known him for about 15 years and am proud to call him a friend. The record is clear that within the Irish republican movement, he has led the historic effort toward a negotiated settlement. It was Adams who was primarily responsible for bringing about the IRA ceasefire in August of 1994 and for convincing the IRA to continue the ceasefire during the ensuing 18 months while the British reneged on their pledge to begin all-party talks. Moreover, Mr. Myers's lies to the contrary, Adams has publicly stated that he does not expect a united Ireland to result from the current talks. And, unlike his British and unionist counterparts, Adams speaks with one voice—publicly and privately—a fact attested to by honest journalists and American diplomats.

As a conservative and a faithful reader of NATIONAL REVIEW for 35 years, I am continually dismayed at your willingness to be a vessel for British propaganda. While *all* sides in the Irish struggle are guilty of atrocities, it is the British who must bear the ultimate responsibility for the suffering and bloodshed. As John Austin Baker, the Chaplain to the Speaker of the British House of Commons, stated in a 1980 sermon: "No British government ought ever to forget that this perilous moment, like so many before it, is the outworking of a history for which our country is primarily responsible . . . Our injustice created the situation . . . That is the root of the violence."

Peter T. King
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

Yawn. To disapprove of terrorism is not to approve of government policy, and to be a victim of discrimination cannot justify murder. This is as true for Oklahoma and Harlem as it is for Northern Ireland. Yes, the old unionist-dominated Northern Ireland state was a disgrace to the British government, but it was not Alabama or Mississippi, and Catholics in law and practice had the same voting rights as Protestants for the British and Northern Ireland parliaments. The real scandal lay in local-government elections, where Catholics were gerrymandered out of power.

The IRA began its terrorist campaign against the Northern Ireland state, against the wishes of the Irish people, after *the implementation of full civil rights and the disarmament of the Royal Ulster Constabulary. That campaign even continued against the* joint *Protestant–Catholic power-sharing regime of 1974. Gerry Adams is not the IRA. Whatever he might want, the IRA does not seek a compromise—it seeks victory. It went back to war even before all-party talks were scheduled to begin. That war is not being fought in the Third District of New York. Bear that in mind before giving us any more lectures, Congressman.* —KM



"Frankly, I see nothing unusual in your husband's behavior."

How They Know their ABCs

Regarding "From the Editor" [July 1], how dare John O'Sullivan question spinmistress Ann Lewis when she explains that the file-sharing stopped at letter "G"? I'm sure he could get corroboration from Brent Gocroft!

Barry Farber
New York, N.Y.

The Wrong Suspect

I fear that you've fingered the wrong suspect when you state that "General William Tecumseh Sherman leveled the Virginia Military Institute stone by stone, during his victorious march through Lexington, Virginia" [July 29]. Throughout the summer of 1864, when VMI was burned, General Sherman and his army were observed on the outskirts of Atlanta. Corroborating witnesses include Generals Joseph E. Johnston, Leonidas Polk, John B. Hood, and a cast of thousands. Nowhere in his memoirs does Sherman claim lack of memory during that period of time. No remnants of VMI have miraculously turned up in his living quarters. He never requisitioned the cadets' transcripts. He tells you whom he hired and fired. I doubt that he ever wore pink, either.

All the historians I am aware of name General David Hunter as the actual incendiary of VMI. According to General Horace Porter's *Campaign-*

(Continues on page 6)

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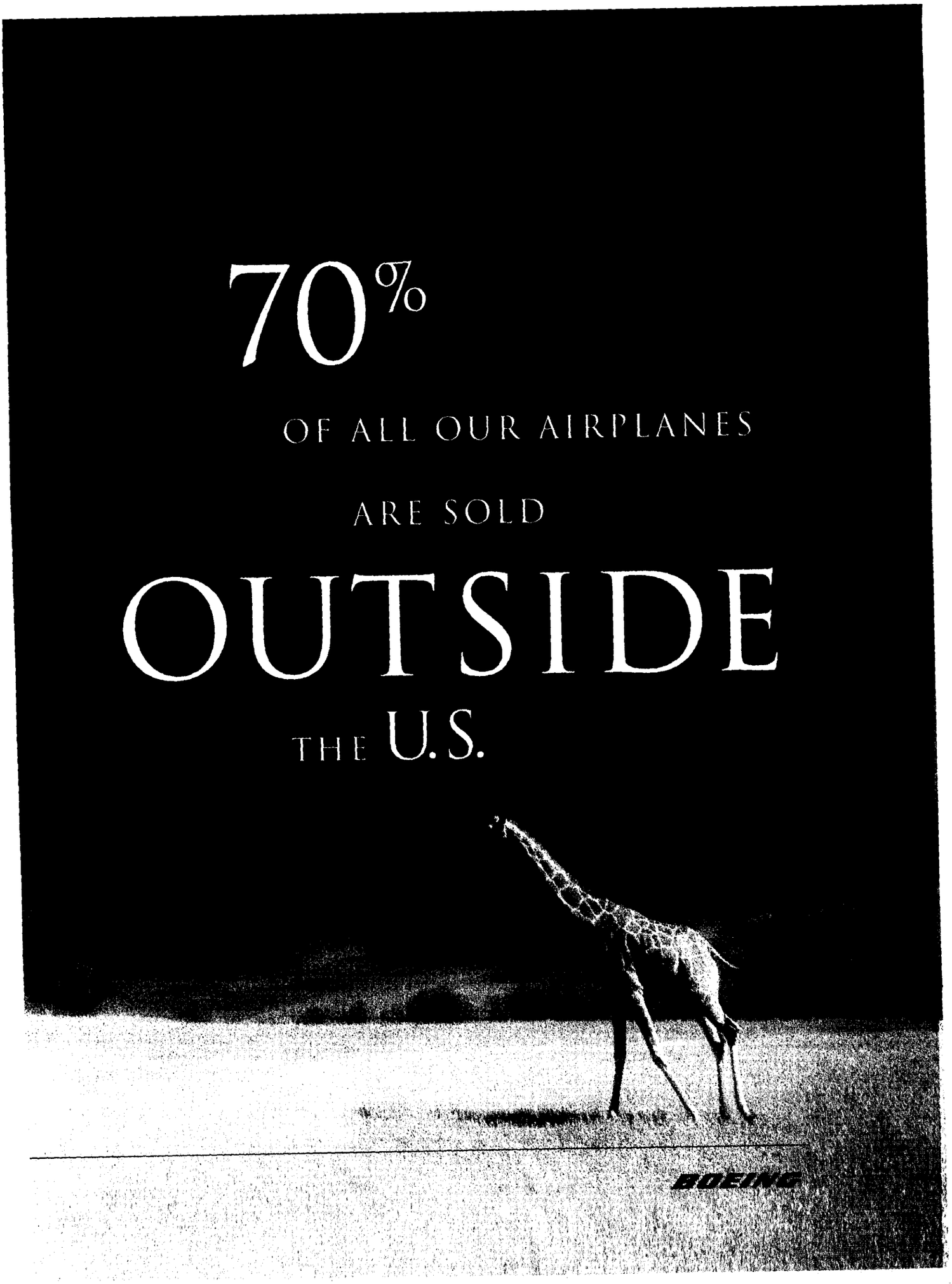

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

ing with Grant, Hunter breached his written orders that "indiscriminate marauding should be avoided." His ineffectual military performance in western and southern Virginia invited General Jubal Early's riposte up the Shenendoah Valley and shelling of Washington, D.C. Sounds like a snafu.

Paul Windels III
New York, N.Y.

Limited Terms

David Forte's "Illiberal Court" [July 29] brings to mind one topic that hasn't received much coverage in this year's election hoopla: the resurgence of term limits. When the Supreme Court overturned 23 states' term-limits laws in 1995, the issue looked dead. But this November, at least 14 states will vote on initiatives that, if successful, will not only keep the issue alive, but bring it closer to final victory.

The initiatives parallel the inform-and-instruct laws used by Progressive-era activists to win passage of the 17th Amendment. The initiatives instruct state legislators to support an Article V application for a term-limits convention. Those who don't will have "Disregarded voter instruction on term limits" printed by their names on the ballot. Most congressional delegations get similar instructions, but in the form of voting for a three-term House and two-term Senate amendment. Those who fail to do so earn ballot language. Some states offer challengers the choice of pledging to back term limits. Those who do not will find "Declined to pledge to support term limits" on the ballot beside their names.

If term limits fade in popularity, then these initiatives will have no impact. However, if public support for term-limits remains high, incumbents and challengers will face difficult choices. If they claim to support term limits, but oppose them while in office, voters will be told in the most convenient place: on the ballot next to the candidate's name. Term-limits strategists are betting that many voters will change their votes based on a candidate's support for term limits. If they are correct, term limits could become a constitutional reality sooner than the pundits think.

Norman Leahy
Arlington, Va.

The Word of the Lord

Nodding in agreement with David Klinghoffer's review of Paul Johnson's *The Quest for God* [July 15], I was surprised when Mr. Klinghoffer slipped from conservatism to fundamentalism, revealing his misunderstanding of modern Biblical scholarship. When he balks at Johnson's contention that the Scriptures were written by men (and women) who received God's indication about what was to be put down and then put their own construction on it, he retreats into fundamentalism and concludes that "if we cannot trust that what ancient holy texts say God said, He really did say, then we lack a crucial basis for belief in Him."

Not so! Even at the close of the last century, Biblical scholar M. J. Lagrange affirmed the divine inspiration of the Scriptures as the cooperation of principal and instrumental causality—the Thomistic understanding of which lets the instrument retain its own proper virtue while attaining the effect through its application and elevation by the virtue of the principal cause.

Pope Leo XIII said in 1893, "God so moved the inspired writers by his supernatural operation that he incited them to write, and assisted them in their writing so that they correctly conceived, accurately wrote down and truthfully expressed all that he intended . . ."

Yet in all their writing, each scribe used human language with its literary forms reflective of his culture and time. Modern Biblical criticism does not affirm that God planted some vague inspiration and then left the rest up to chance, unless one wishes to call the Spirit by another name. Methinks Mr. Klinghoffer did Mr. Johnson—and Bible scholarship—an injustice.

Rev. Norman Langenbrunner
Sacred Heart Church
Fairfield, Ohio

With all respect to M. J. Lagrange, I stand by my contention that if God exists, we must have precisely the Biblical text He wants us to have. There are two choices. Either the Bible is inerrant, or it is errant. Either God guarantees the multilayered truth of every word—subject to authoritative interpretation, which doesn't mean every word means what a naïve reading would at first suggest it does—or mistakes in transmission deriving from the human fallibility of the prophets have crept in, resulting in the misrepresentation of God's instructions. The latter view, a mild expression of the debunking fervor of most "modern Biblical scholarship," assumes a Creator not entirely in control of his Creation, a finite, vaguely incompetent Bob Dole God struggling to keep "on message," rather than the infinite, omnicompetent Lord of the Universe even liberal clergymen say they believe in.

To clarify: Many voices are recorded in the Bible, of good men and evil, so remember that I was referring to statements in Scripture specifically attributed to God. This doesn't mean that God actually speaks, in the normal manner of a human being. It does mean that when God is quoted, we can assume the quotation has been checked with the Author. —DK

Speaking Out

As a physician, I wait in vain for somebody to answer letters like Steven Zumbrun's about homosexual "marriages" [July 15]. It needs to be said in so many words and "up front" that there is no such thing. "Marriages" between male homosexuals consist of an arrangement where two gay men live together and the less inhibited one cruises on the side. Very few of these things last very long. In the late Seventies, before the disaster of AIDS revealed the results of homosexual promiscuity, sympathetic schlock psychology journals admitted in an admiring way that the natural instincts of the male of the species, when combined with the matching instincts of another male of the species, resulted in incredible promiscuity. George Will, just a few years ago, pointed out that the AIDS victims he most recently interviewed all admitted to at least two hundred sexual partners in the previous year. If you had sex with two hundred strangers would you be surprised if *you* caught something?

The fact is that homosexuality represents an abnormality. It occurs in about 0.7 to perhaps 2 per cent of the general population (the 10 per cent figure is a lie, based on insultingly bad science). Homosexuality is not merely an abnormality, but a core abnormality. Adopted by the species, it would end us in a generation.

Homosexuals want us to pretend that gay marriage has some meaning, and that it benefits society so that it should be granted the few remaining privileges of heterosexual marriage. It doesn't. It's an illusion, and a pathological one at that.

J. W. Wiggs, MD
Yankton, S.D.

Harry's No Bill

In "The Week" [July 29] you note that Libertarian presidential candidate Harry Browne says abortion is "none of [his] business, and you add "think of [his Administration] as the Clinton White House only more so." But his position is more nuanced, i.e., under the Constitution, abortion is not a federal issue, and therefore *is* none of the President's business.

For those who believe that the *Roe* decision was an unwarranted intrusion by the Federal Government into state authority, Browne's position is not untenable, and certainly not comparable to that of the abortion-promoting Clinton White House.

John J. Finerty Jr.
Alexandria, Va.

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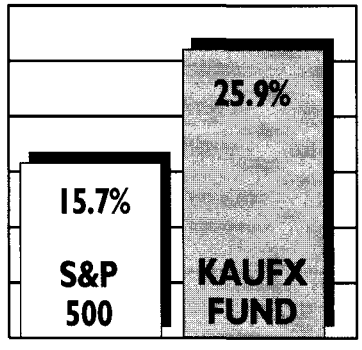

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FROM THE EDITOR

Don't Panic—Yet

■ We devote much of this issue to the faltering Dole campaign. Our motive is to help Mr. Dole by candidly pointing out his unforced errors while they can still be corrected—but also to question the defeatism of the Beltway Right.

Having panicked after New Hampshire and stampeded the party into supporting Mr. Dole, the GOP establishment, including its conservative wing, is now panicking at the stubbornly low support for him in the polls and stampeding the party into—well, what?

Rejecting him? That's not possible; he has the nomination legally sewn up. Persuading him to withdraw? A daydream unless Mr. Dole's health collapses—and even then, a dream to be pursued by professions of loyalty rather than of despair. Ignoring him and running a separate campaign to save the GOP Congress? Good luck. Mr. Dole is the party's standard-bearer; the voters are bound to notice that.

If Mr. Dole were removable, this Beltway panic might have a point. As it is, the defeatists have no policy apart from making electoral disaster all but inevitable by constantly predicting it.

Yet it is not inevitable. Pat Reddy's article points out that, in general, America has a natural conservative majority and, in particular, that there are far more restive conservative Democrats to be won than restive liberal Republicans to be lost by conservative policies.

Mr. Clinton realizes this—hence his virtuoso conservative performance which is, however, figure-skating on extremely thin ice. And Mr. Dole might realize it, but for one drawback: he's from inside the Beltway too.

■ When it was revealed that "Anonymous" was in reality Joe Klein of *Newsweek*, this news struck most Americans as . . . synonymous.

To the media, however, it was a moral earthquake. Mr. Klein, it was said, had committed the ultimate sin against journalistic ethics. In denying authorship of *Primary Colors*, he had *lied*. Nothing that he wrote could ever be believed again. It were better that a millstone be tied around his neck and that he be cast into the uttermost depths, etc.

All of which seems somewhat overwrought. A *nom de plume* is not a lie in any usual sense. And Mr. Klein was entitled to maintain his anonymity against investigation. No conclusions about his general truthfulness can therefore be drawn from his employment of "Anonymous."

Where Mr. Klein went too far was in claiming that, like any good journalist, he was merely protecting his source (viz. himself). Really? Would he have gone to jail to protect his source?

■ In his exchange with Kevin Myers on Northern Ireland ("Letters," page 2), Congressman Peter King remarks that Mr. Myers's (and by extension, *NR*'s) argument was more pro-British than that of the British Foreign Office.

This sounds serious until you ask if the British Foreign Office is pro-British. That distinguished Thatcherite, Norman (now Lord) Tebbit, once observed: "The Agriculture Department looks after the interests of farmers, the pensions ministry looks after the interests of pensioners, and the Foreign Office looks after the interests of foreigners."

If Rep. King puts his own remark in an American context ("Why, he's more pro-American than the State Department!"), he will see Lord Tebbit's point.

Meanwhile, connoisseurs of rhetorical technique will recognize Mr. King's tactic as the Cantuar Gambit, as in: "If the Archbishop of Canterbury says he believes in God, well, he's simply doing his job; but if he says he doesn't, then he must really be onto something."

See also "even," as in "Even Bill Buckley admits . . ."

Come to that, one could write an entire essay on the abuse of "admits." I once saw a television interviewer disconcerted because the businessman he was grilling with an accusatory "So you admit . . .," replied sharply: "I admit nothing. I state it. I assert it. I *proclaim* it."

But I digress. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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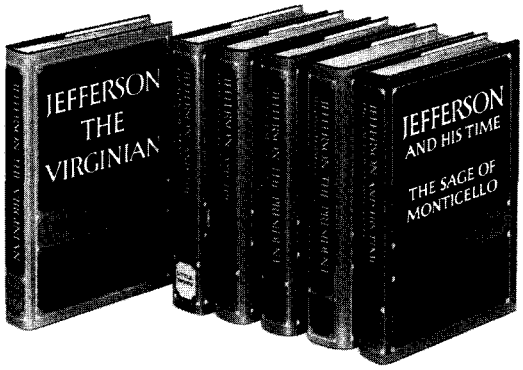

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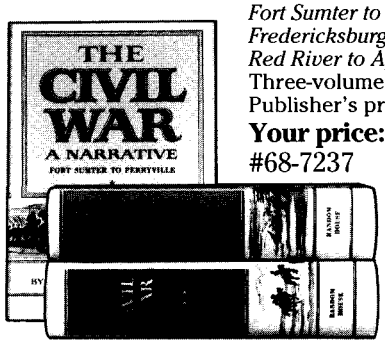

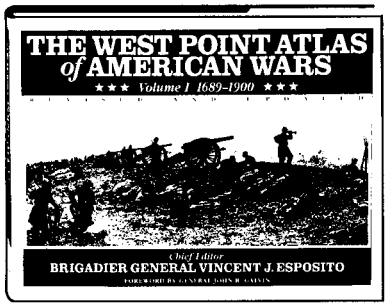

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Washington wags are referring to **Bob Dole**'s horrid stumbles as the ATF agenda: abortion, tobacco, and firearms. "All he has produced," says **George Will**, "is buyer's remorse in the Republican Party." National Rifle Association may withhold endorsement of Dole after his assault-weapons flip-flop. . . . Hill-watcher **Charles Cook** writes that "it's doubtful anything short of an indictment of a member of the First Family could alter the outcome" of November election. . . . In crucial California, Dole lags **Clinton** by 27 points (whereas generic congressional ballot favors Democrats by 11). . . . Columnist **Cal Thomas** calls on Dole to step aside as nominee: "[relinquishing the nomination] would forever enshrine Dole as a man who put his party and its prospects . . . ahead of his own interests." . . . Says **Jack Kemp**, "[U]nless we are the party of reform, change, progress, the future . . . we put ourselves totally on defense and end up hoping for the collapse of the Clinton Administration. That's no way to run for President." . . . Establishment Republican and Dole policy advisor **Donald Rumsfeld**, meanwhile, has emerged as one of campaign's most aggressive internal advocates for a major tax cut. . . . Speaker **Newt Gingrich**, according to *Philadelphia Daily News*, "went ballistic" when he heard that pro-choice moderate Pennsylvania Gov. **Tom Ridge** is Dole's top prospect for running-mate. Name of **Bill Bennett** begins to surface again in VP speculation. . . . GOP convention manager **Paul Manafort** says **Pat Buchanan** will have no role at event, and little effort will be made to lift reputation of GOP Congress. Meanwhile, most convention speeches will be limited to five minutes, in a bow to the age of MTV. . . . Rep. **Tom Davis** says reaction of Republicans to a reception **Marion Barry** plans to throw at GOP convention with city funds will be: "They can't keep the waters clean, but you should see those hors d'oeuvres."

■ White House spokesman **Mike McCurry** on White House attitude toward staffers who once used drugs: "I was a kid in the 1970s. Did I smoke a joint from time to time? Of course I did." . . . **Buttman**, the Democratic mascot shadowing Bob Dole to illustrate his ties to tobacco, now has a counterpart, **Reefer Man**, meant to dramatize rising drug use on Clinton's watch. . . . Democrats enjoyed seeing **Enid Greene** (R., Utah), her career ending amid a messy divorce with **Joe Waldholtz**, in the chair to preside over Defense of Marriage Act. Chief sponsor of the bill, Rep. **Bob Barr** (R., Ga.), has been married three times. . . . Capitol Hill newspaper *The Hill* reports that GOP freshman and former football star **Steve Largent** (Okla.) is considering challenging House GOP Conference Chairman **John Boehner** (Oh.) after November elections in a sign of freshmen's restiveness with House leadership. . . . Back in Texas, Sen. **Phil Gramm** recovering in re-election race against **Victor Morales** after drubbing he took during failed presidential bid. . . . Aggressive freshman Rep. **Sam Brownback** now has slim lead over former Lt. Gov. **Sheila Frahm** in race for nomination to Bob Dole's old Kansas Senate seat. . . . With friends like these: *The Nation*'s hard-left columnist **Alexander Cockburn** denounces Socialist Vermont Rep. **Bernie Sanders** as "a sentimental fantasy for decent people who like to think they are supporting a fiery independent in Congress." . . . Kennedy brood continues its march: Rep. **Joe Kennedy** (D., Mass.) has amassed $1.8 million in preparation for 1998 gubernatorial race.

"The TV repair man says he'll be right over after the Olympics."

■ Pres. **Boris Yeltsin**'s appointment of Gen. **Igor Rodionov**—old Afghan war buddy of ex-Gen. **Aleksandr Lebed**, who is called "Butcher of Tbilisi" for shooting down Georgian demonstrators in 1989—as new security chief suggests growing "militarization" of regime. . . . Chechen field commander **Salman Raduyev**, reportedly killed by Russians in January, has turned up claiming that former Chechen leader **Dzhokhar Dudayev**, charismatic ex-Soviet air force general, is also alive, promising even more bloody civil war if his successor, **Zelimkhan Yandarbiyev**, continues negotiating a settlement with Moscow. . . . In Libya soccer fans erupt in anti–**Muammar Qaddafi** riot at a Tripoli match attended by Qaddafi's two sons, leaving 50 people dead. Riot shows growing economic frustration exacerbated by new U.S. sanctions against investment. . . . The widow of Mexican revolutionary **Pancho Villa**, **Soledad Seanez Holguin**, died in Chihuahua at 100. . . . Israeli Prime Minister **Benjamin Netanyahu**'s effort at privatization got a boost after much-publicized big black bug was found in food at Knesset Chinese restaurant. Speaker **Dan Tichon** said restaurant would be opened to public bidding.

■ National Journalism Center, which provides practical training in researching, writing, and editing, plus work under professional journalists, is accepting applications for internships. Next 12-week session starts Sept. 16; deadline for applications: Aug. 30. Contact **M. Stanton Evans** or **Mal Kline** at 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; phone 202-544-1333, fax 202-544-5368. . . . **Samuel Francis**, redoubtable paleoconservative columnist who proved too redoubtable even for *Washington Times*, has just resurfaced in *Samuel Francis Letter* (P. O. Box 19627, Alexandria, Va. 22320).

■ At least one juror was reported to nod off during Pres. Clinton's testimony in latest Whitewater trial. . . . Asked whom he would like to see in **Madame Tussaud**'s Wax Museum planned for New York, comic **Jackie Mason** says **Al Gore**: "Because he already looks like he's part of a wax museum. . . . With him, you're all set. You don't have to change a thing."

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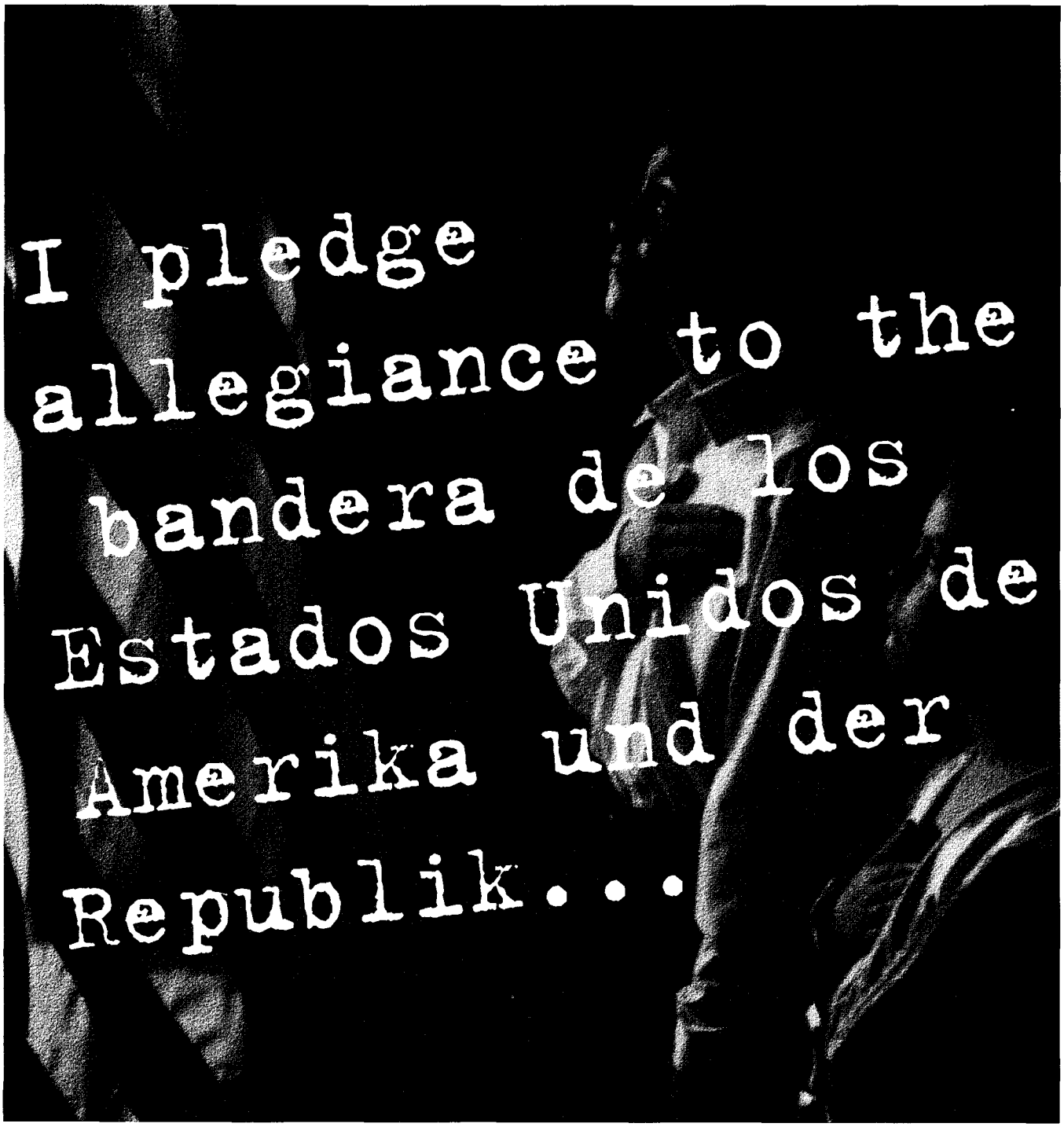

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THE WEEK

■ Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic has agreed to stay in his house and take no part in the upcoming Bosnian elections. Considering how Dole is doing, can we make the same deal with him?

■ The House Republican leadership has ended a year of wavering about the Dole–Canady anti-preference bill with a pre-emptive surrender. Instead of attempting to abolish race and gender preferences in federal programs, employment, and contracting, the GOP will target its attack on the Small Business Administration's Section 8(a) program. The program is, to be sure, a noxious mix of racial preference, corporate welfare, and administrative inefficiency. The General Accounting Office reports that 1 per cent of certified firms receive a quarter of the business under the program; less than 9 per cent of contracts are awarded competitively; and less than 4 per cent of 8(a) firms become "competitive." Some Hill Republicans think this program is analogous to partial-birth abortions, as being among the least defensible products of modern liberalism. But the power of the partial-birth-abortion issue was that it brought the abortion debate down from abstraction. When it comes to preferences, the public is already in tune with Republicans on broad principle. The debate should take place there, not at the level of eye-glazing bureaucratic detail. The retreat also opens Republicans to the charge of tolerating reverse discrimination against all Americans except the owners of corporations. Finally, while many liberals voted for the partial-birth-abortion ban, they are sure to fight any affirmative-action rollback—especially since they can sense the GOP's fear. "On this issue the Republican leadership has been spinning around like a weather vane in a hurricane," says Rep. Charles Canady (R., Fla.), who, along with Susan Molinari (R., N.Y.) and Chris Cox (R., Calif.), has stood on principle. It is ground they share with the American people—if not, alas, with Newt Gingrich and Dick Armey.

■ When Democratic congressional leaders unveiled their "Families First" agenda last month, it was hailed by some as evidence of the party's newfound moderation on size-of-government and social issues, and derided by others as a pale imitation of the Contract with America. But it turns out that even when they try to present their best face to the public, New Democrats still have to placate the same Old Left constituencies. Among their agenda's 21 planks was a little-noticed call for "fair pay" and "pay equity"—the current code-phrases for "comparable worth," that golden oldie of late-Seventies feminism. The idea, remember, was that equal pay for men and women doing the same jobs wasn't enough, because men and women congregate in different fields. So occupations dominated by women should pay the same wages as "comparable" work in other fields; e.g., secretaries should be paid like lab technicians. Determining the proper compensation for each job would, naturally, require heroic efforts by lawyers, bureaucrats, and assorted experts. "Families First" is slippery about all this, as befits a party being remade in Bill Clinton's image. The Democrats want the Secretary of Labor to develop "voluntary fair pay guidelines for the nation's employers" and to hold a National Summit on Fair Pay to devise "a specific legislative action plan for Congress to better achieve fair pay in American workplaces." The upshot is unmistakable: for 1990s Democrats, moderation means central planning with a feminist face.

■ Incidentally, in case you were wondering, President Clinton has declared April 11 to be National Pay Inequity Awareness Day. And to be fair, we had forgotten.

■ Republicans scored a few victories in last year's appropriations process—e.g., when they zeroed out programs like the Women's Educational Equity Act. The twenty-year-old program exists to make congressmen feel righteous about their opposition to girls' scoring poorly in math, while allowing feminists to funnel dollars to their brethren and sistren in the field: $91,000 to Wellesley's Center for Research on Women, $139,000 to Educational Equity Concepts, Inc., for a program on "Gender-Based Teasing and Bullying in Grades K–5," and so on. Since Republicans are in the "two steps back" stage of their revolution, it should come as no surprise that 101 House Republicans voted to restore $2 million for the

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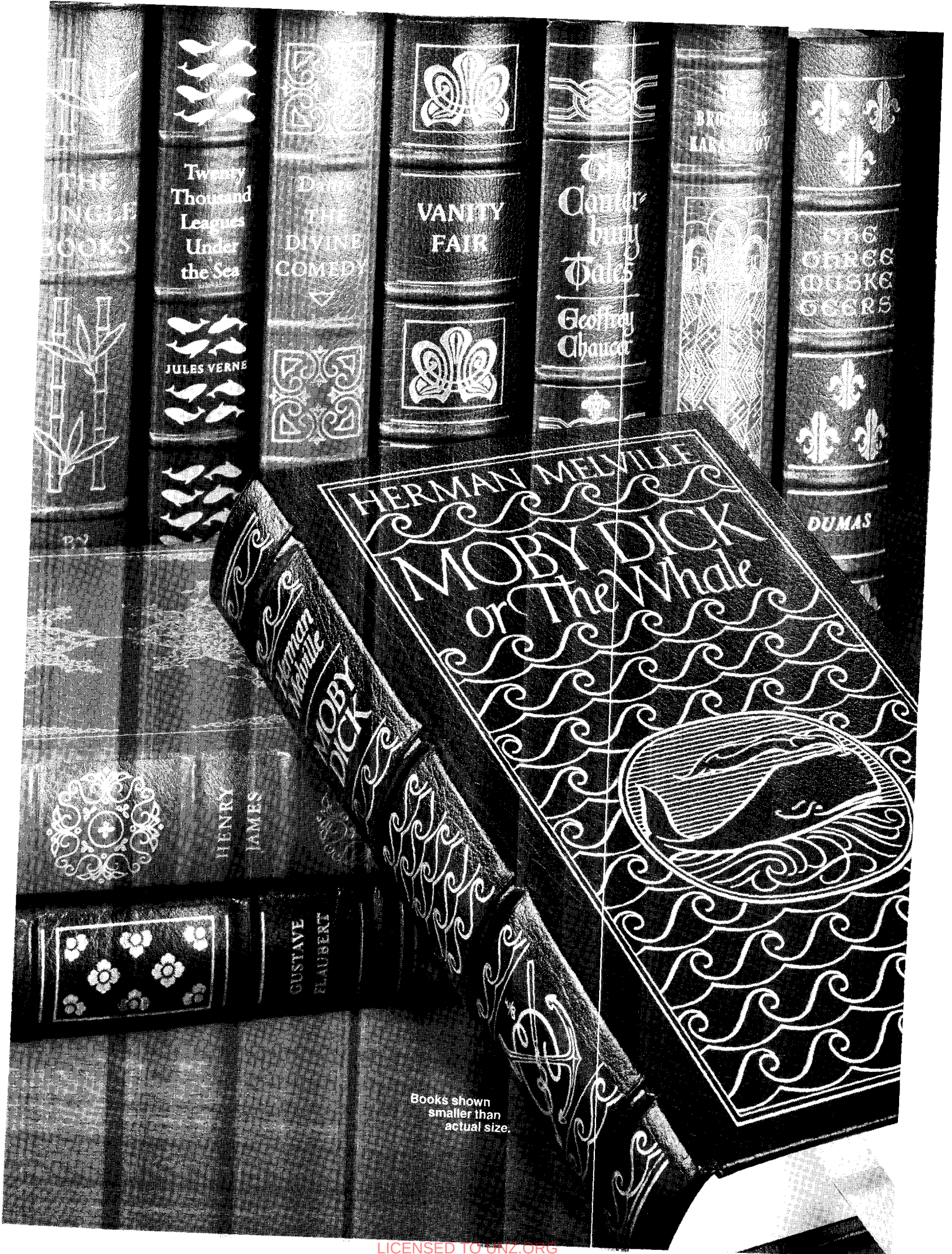

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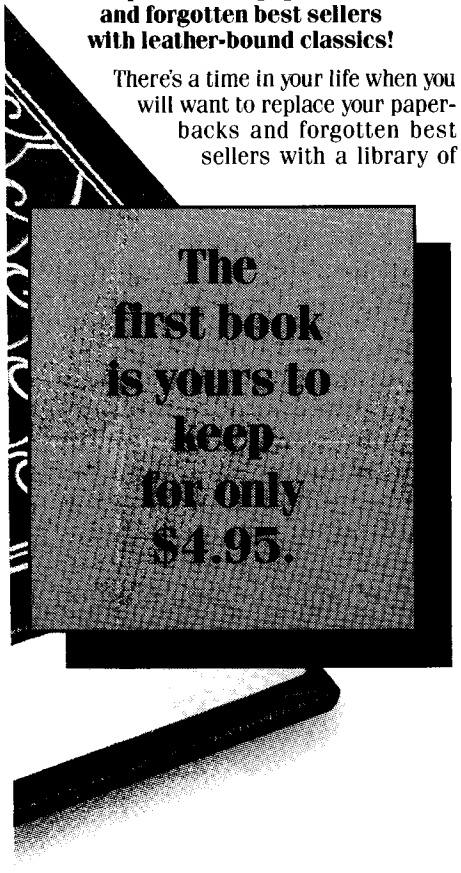

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act, their consciences pricked by Nita Lowey (D., N.Y.) and Connie Morella (R., Md.). Cheers at Wellesley. But for taxpayers not in residence at a women's studies program, the vote is another sign that they need this limping GOP Congress like a fish needs a bicycle.

■ At a Washington dinner hosted by *NR*, Richard Lamm came across as a genial and intellectually curious presidential candidate lost in a minor party. Not everyone will warm to his can't-do collectivism, but on some issues—notably entitlements and immigration—his views coincide with those of most conservatives. While he's unlikely to win the Reform Party's nomination, let alone the Presidency, his candidacy is among the many portents of a potentially dramatic realignment of American politics if the GOP continues to falter. Mr. Lamm is a serious man whose arguments deserve a hearing (more than can be said of his rival, Ross Perot).

■ The Clinton White House hired 21 people with a recent history of drug use. Maybe they should forget Eleanor Roosevelt and talk to Betty Ford.

■ Under normal circumstances, Rep. Sam Brownback's August 6 primary challenge to Sheila Frahm, Bob Dole's appointed successor in the Senate, would have *NR*'s support. Brownback is making nice noises about cutting taxes, social issues, etc. And if he's really a recovered moderate (he did not sign the Contract with America), we are prepared to rejoice over any sheep which was lost. But circumstances are not normal. Brownback led the sabotaging of the Smith–Simpson immigration-reform bill this year. Roy Beck, *NR* contributor and author of the fine *Case against Immigration* (Norton), points out in an open letter to Kansas papers that the state's meatpacking workers are a classic case-study of irresponsible displacement by employers who, in the welfare state, can dump the social costs of immigration onto local communities. We cannot endorse Sheila Frahm, who is pro-choice. But we can declare neutrality.

■ In the July 15 *New Yorker*, James Stewart reports that Whitewater prosecutor Ken Starr is "highly unlikely" to seek high-profile indictments before the November elections. Mr. Starr says that the effect of charges on the political process is "a powerful counsel for restraint." We hereby file a motion to reconsider. A prosecutor's duty is to bring indictments when he thinks the evidence justifies them, neither sooner nor later. Withholding indictments until after the election would politicize the prosecution as much as deliberately seeking to indict before the election. And it could be far worse for the country. The least desirable outcome would be for damaging revelations to surface at the opening of a second term, when congressional Democrats might be ready to dispense with Mr. Clinton. One Watergate was enough.

■ Joe Klein revealed he was "Anonymous," author of *Primary Colors*. We swear, on our integrity as journalists, that the letters from Vice President Gore are *genuine*.

■ The Office of Management and Budget now predicts a $117-billion deficit for this fiscal year. That's $29 billion less than the Administration forecast only a few months ago. A great vindication of Clinton's fiscal policy? Or did Congress have something to do with it? The 104th Congress was the first in nearly thirty years to make real cuts—not phony "baseline" cuts—in discretionary spending. Admittedly, this was not a surgical operation; the government shutdown and continuing resolutions played major roles. But we'll take it: federal spending will fall to 21.3 per cent of gross domestic product this year, en route to an 18.3 per cent share (and balance) by 2002. Meanwhile, federal revenues are still on the up escalator. At 19.7 per cent of GDP, this year's tax burden is the heftiest since the recession of 1982. (Wall Street, please note.) If we dodge a deep recession, a zero deficit in 2002 is in the cards. Then the real problems start. When the baby-boomers retire, Medicare and Social Security will drive federal spending to unprecedented levels. Outlays could reach 37 per cent of GDP by 2030, according to the Bipartisan Commission on Entitlements. The deficit? An astounding 18.5 per cent of GDP in 2030. Hold the champagne.

■ On July 17, 4 Senators and 37 Representatives filed suit to compel the Clinton Administration to comply with the 1996 Defense Authorization Act. Title II of that Act, which covered ballistic-missile defense, required the Pentagon to develop and deploy the Army's Theater High-Altitude Area Defense (THAAD) and the Navy's Theater-Wide Defense (TWD) according to a definite timetable. Whereupon Secretary of Defense William Perry declared that he had no intention of doing so. When President Nixon refused to spend funds as appropriated, his attempted "impoundment" provoked storms of outrage. "Dangerous . . . no justification . . . unconstitutional," thundered then-Rep. Abner Mikva—lately a Clinton White House Counsel. Yet the Clinton Administration gives no excuses or explanations; it simply refuses to comply with the law. Hats off to Rep. Floyd Spence, chairman of the House National Security Committee and lead-

Is This Helpful?

San Diego will either be where
Mr. Dole, with theatrical flair,
Wows Ralph, Phyllis, and Gary
Or commits hari-kari
Chatting Larry up, later. Take care.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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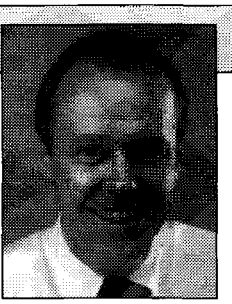

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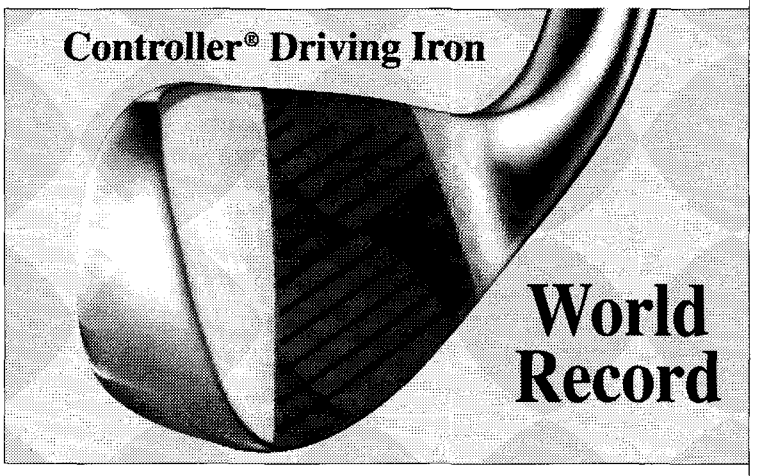
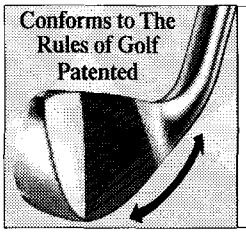


YALESVILLE, CT– The same small Connecticut company that created a golf ball that *flies* too far has introduced two new driving irons that *hit* too far; way too far if you happen to sell woods. Mike Smith, a PGA Pro, recently set a World Record off the grass with the company's 17° driving iron, and stopped just one yard short of matching the record for a *driver* with its 12.5° counterpart. His shots were 335 and 358 yards respectively.

These are troublesome distances for wood manufacturers, but that may not be their biggest worry. *These clubs keep the ball on the fairway*, a characteristic drivers and fairway woods sorely lack. Official statistics show that even the top ten money-makers on the Tour



PATENTED "INVISIBLE" CURVE AUTOMATICALLY CORRECTS HOOKS AND SLICES

miss the fairway with their driver 25% of the time. So don't feel alone if you have trouble with your woods, relief is on the way. A company spokesman told me this.

"We made these clubs for golfers who are fed up spraying shots left and right with their driver and 3-wood. And millions do. If the best ten golfers in the business have trouble with woods, imagine how tough they are for the rest of us. So we designed the Controllers (the clubs' name).

"Our initial test with the Controllers showed that a mid-80's golfer could get 30 to 50 more yards off the grass with our 17° Fairway Controller, and match or beat his driver with our 12.5° Tee Shot Controller. Mike's World Record and comments from other pros, including a former Master's champ, confirm that these are the clubs of the future.

"But power without accuracy doesn't cut strokes, and that's where we have wood manufacturers by the throat. Our Controllers have *patented accuracy*."

The Controllers' patented accuracy comes from a scientific head design that reduces hooks and slices. No other iron has it. Indeed, *can* have it.

It works like this. If you hit a ball off the toe of an ordinary iron, it will start off to the right, as the impact "opens" the clubface. But then a stronger force, called the gear effect, takes over and spins the ball violently to the left. The reverse happens with a heel shot. It "closes" the club face and starts off to the *left*, then the gear effect slices it wildly to the right.

The Controller driving irons have a patented "invisible" curve (you can feel it, but barely see it) across their hitting surface that *tames* the stronger gear effect and draws off-center shots back to the middle of the fairway. It's a major golfing breakthrough and, along with their massive power, probably makes the Controllers the longest and straightest clubs in golf today.

One golfer told me, it was "...the first time I've played 18 holes and never left the fairway." Another said he cut six strokes, and vowed he would never play with his driver or 3-wood again.

Top Ten Money-Makers on the Tour Miss the Fairway with Their Driver 25% of the Time

So let me ask you. Do you have trouble with woods? If you do, there's no risk testing one or both of these new, super irons. The company will refund their price, if their unique combination of World Record power and patented accuracy doesn't cut 5 to 10 strokes off your score, and you return them undamaged within 30 days.

To try one or both Controllers, call the company direct a **1-800-285-3900** anytime or day, or send your name, address and check(or cc number and exp. date) to NGC Golf (Dept. DS-490), 60 Church St., Yalesville, CT 06492. The steel shaft Controller Tee Shot (12.5°) and Fairway Controller (17°) cost $59.00 each. Both cost $99.00. The graphite shaft models cost $89.00 each. Both are only $159.00. Add $10.00 s/h/ins. CT and NY add sales tax. No P.O. boxes. All shipments UPS. Specify right or left handed, regular or stiff flex, men's or ladies'.

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ing plaintiff in *Spence* v. *Clinton*, and to Sens. Jon Kyl and Strom Thurmond, Reps. Bob Livingston and Curt Weldon, and others who defended ballistic-missile defense and the law.

■ Bob Dole celebrated his 73rd birthday, and many happy returns—as seems likely from the superb medical report his office issued. President Clinton has never permitted his medical records to be released and, indeed, fired a White House doctor early in his Administration for suggesting that he do so. Just thought we'd mention it.

■ Northern Ireland is again in crisis after Protestant Orangemen sought permission to march alongside a nationalist Catholic housing development on Garvaghy Road in the small town of Portadown. Local Catholics, led by an ex-IRA man who had bombed a Protestant hall, objected, predicting violence. So the Northern Ireland chief constable—a Dubliner—forbade the march, and thousands of policemen dutifully held the Orangemen back while militant Protestants elsewhere almost closed Northern Ireland down, causing scores of Catholics to flee their homes. Tens of thousands of Orangemen converged on Garvaghy Road, causing the chief constable to capitulate. He allowed a small and silent party of Orangemen to march, while policemen cleared the way, now using batons against protesting Catholics. Nationalist areas promptly erupted in a vengeful fury. Dublin blamed London for going easy on Protestants and hard on Catholics, but there is no simple way to subdue a majority community in insurrection without intolerable bloodshed. All policy in Northern Ireland risks making one side uneasy, and the Protestants, nervous since the Anglo-Irish agreement of 1985, and increasingly frightened of being sold down the river, cracked first. Their violence, appalling though it was, showed once again how a concession to one side will trigger violence from the other. If Protestants will go this far to let a few Orangemen walk down Garvaghy Road, to what lengths will they go to stay out of a united Ireland?

■ Is there a better television journalist than ABC's John Stossel? His latest *20/20* eye-opener exposed the Americans with Disabilities Act, the hyper-complex law that grants "disability" protection to a variety of dysfunctions, and hobbles businesses (e.g., the Los Angeles strip club that has been ordered to build a wheelchair ramp because "someone in a wheelchair might want to become a show stripper"). The program's highlight was Stossel's interview with Gilbert Casellas, the chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. Casellas: "The law's fairly clear, it's fairly simple." Stossel: "If you come to me applying for a job, and your arm's in a sling, can I ask you why your arm is in a sling?" Casellas: "You can ask—you know what? I'm going to ask you to stop the tape . . . we're getting into a complicated area . . ." Stossel: "You run the EEOC, and you don't even understand [the rules]? How's some employer in Iowa supposed to know them?" When the grilling stopped, Casellas was left thoroughly disabled.

■ A Bible-quoting contest in Alabama ended badly when the loser shot and killed the winner. We had not known there were so many deconstructionists in Alabama.

Primary Colors, the Outrage

The movie is ready for casting.
The novel's still doing its work.
The paperback's out at the airports.
The readers are going berserk.
Come gents from the media, pointing
At Joe, the audacious Anon.,
Who's doing for President Clinton
What Byron performed for Don Juan.

—W. H. VON DREELE

His to Lose

EARLY in May, *NR* offered Bob Dole some friendly advice. "The way for him to climb back" from his dismal poll numbers "is to highlight his differences with Bill Clinton on vital issues like taxes and cultural fragmentation." Dole has still failed to highlight such differences—and his poll ratings remain dismal.

The campaign so far has been marked by a misguided effort to conciliate "moderates." Witness Dole's gyrations on the assault-weapons ban. He intended to abandon his pledge to repeal it. Then, at Newt Gingrich's urging, he said only that he wanted to "move beyond" the question. Then, when the media hooted at his cowardice (i.e., his failure to do their bidding), he shamefacedly announced that he opposed repeal after all. Witness too his courtship of Colin Powell, as running-mate, keynote speaker, or just plain speaker. Dole considers Powell a magic totem, who will mollify blacks and moderates simply by breathing at his side.

If Powell is the touchstone of this strategy, Pat Buchanan is the scapegoat. Hence Dole's decision (still in place as we go to press) not to let Buchanan speak at San Diego. Dole professes to admire Richard Nixon, who always thought of himself as the "man in the arena." Buchanan (unlike Powell) entered the arena of the primaries, and won a quarter of the vote. Blowing him off is folly. Buchanan will speak at San Diego, whatever happens—in the hall, or outside it.

Even as he defensively pursues moderates, Dole has defensively fended off a swarm of issues and non-issues, symbolized by Buchman, a figure out of Craig Livingstone's prop box. Here and there, the candidate has given

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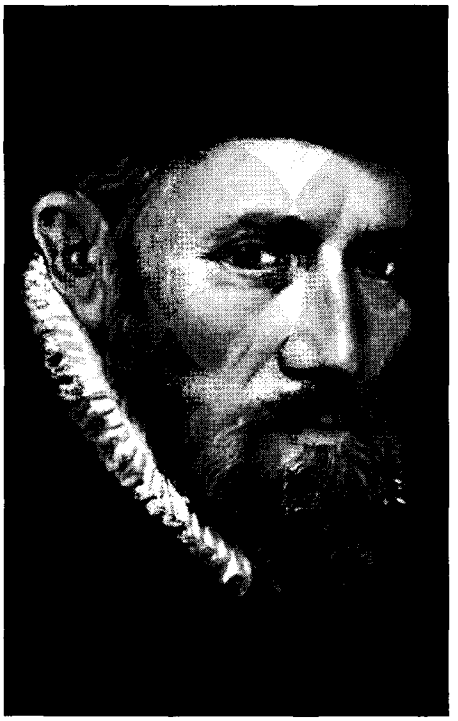
"Sir Thomas Gresham, a remarkable man living in tumultuous times, is inherently interesting, as this lively biography shows." --Edwin J. Feulner, President, The Heritage Foundation



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—Milton Friedman

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good speeches: calling in Milwaukee and Minneapolis for private-school vouchers; in Philadelphia for arming the Bosnians and expanding NATO; in Dallas and Los Angeles for developing and deploying ballistic-missile defenses. These are worthy causes. But they are not hot buttons. Until Dole finds and presses some, he will not make any headway.

Dole's stall-out has not occurred in a vacuum. It has depressed the GOP and conservatives generally. Rich Lowry details (p. 25) how downcast Republican congressmen have become. They scramble to save themselves. In their desperation, some talk of separating themselves from the top of the ticket. This is a fantasy. The Republican resurgence in 1994 was the result of a "nationalized" election. A bad campaign by the party's only national candidate will have bad effects down the line. The keening of Beltway pundits, meanwhile, is like the sound of 17-year locusts. Some consider scenarios whereby Dole pulls out at the convention, or (even more fantastically) is compelled to pull out.

NR does not share this despair. Bob Dole is the party's nominee—chosen in trial with his peers, in part (ironically, it now seems) because of his electability. He is a decent, patriotic public servant—and electable. He can still deserve the enthusiastic support of conservatives. But to do so, he must rethink and recast his campaign.

We believe that he should put forward a thoroughgoing program of tax reduction, together with proposals to cut the government's share of gross domestic product, so as to lift America's economic spirits. But the larger political reality of 1996 (Pat Buchanan's and the *New York Times*'s anxiety over "downsizing" notwithstanding) is that Americans are more perturbed over the country's moral decline, social disorder, and disintegration into warring ethnic tribes. As Michael Barone pointed out in *The American Enterprise*: "Violent crime is a greater threat to most Americans than short-term unemployment. Divorce is a far greater threat than job loss to the typical person's lifetime project of accumulating wealth . . ." Dole must address America's cultural and moral anxieties.

Here he faces a political vexation. President Clinton has appropriated conservative rhetoric, made symbolic conservative gestures (supporting school uniforms and victims' rights), endorsed conservative measures (if only briefly in the case of Wisconsin's welfare reform), and even promised to sign conservative legislation to "end welfare as we know it." (We shall see.) This has blunted any GOP attack before it was launched.

Which means that the Republican challenger will have to emphasize those very issues where Clinton cannot endorse conservative policies even for a day. Policies unacceptable to the President are ones that defend localities and states against federal intrusion, reflect traditional moral standards rather than the new morality of the New Class, protect the American nation against the solvent of multiculturalism, foster a responsible citizenry rather than bureaucratic clients, and divide the liberal coalition.

Bob Dole can dredge up his own examples from the depths of his Kansas subconscious. But a random sample might include: restricting the powers of the federal judiciary and thus restoring self-government to the American people; ending (not "mending") race and gender quotas; making English the official language (and so outlawing bilingual ballots and gradually winding down the structures of bilingual education); extending school choice, via vouchers, to parochial schools; withholding federal funds for the anti-national "national history standards"; enforcing laws against illegal immigration and reducing legal immigration to a level acceptable to the American people (approximately 300,000 arrivals annually, according to opinion polls); signing the bill to outlaw partial-birth abortions (and entitling it the Prohibition of Infanticide Act?); passing legislation to keep servicewomen out of combat and exempt civilian women from the draft; abolishing the exclusionary rule, which protects only the guilty; further reforming welfare to discourage illegitimacy; and reversing those recent decisions of the Supreme Court which have imposed its moral whims on communities under the pretext of interpreting a Constitution which had never in two hundred years been thought to require such reformation.

Dole speaks on such matters with evident unease and only if no other issues are available. Unfortunately for him, no other issues *are* available.

The Straight Dope

McCurry seemed defensive:
"Hey, every kid smoked pot."
Though few sucked on a hookah,
Out in the parking lot
Aromas sickened pigeons—
But no one gets a fix
(So says the Secret Service)
In Summer '96.

—W. H. von Dreele

The Stupid Economy

BELTWAY pundits advise Republicans to avoid even the slightest criticism of Clinton's economic policy. The economy is said to be so obviously above reproach that Dole should stick to weightier issues, such as the merits of tobacco.

Ironically, it is the Clintonites who are most likely to take this bait. The Clinton team finally saw a few months of so-so economic news and began to believe that "momentum" must be on their side. They began to boast too soon and became unprepared for bad news. The problem with Clinton's bragging about *past* job growth is not sim-

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ply that it has been fairly slow (1.9 per cent a year), but that any additional job gains through November will be hard to come by. So many folks are finding that receiving transfer payments is more attractive than paying taxes that willing and able workers are becoming scarce.

Momentum is an illusion. From February to May, consumption rose twice as fast as income, as consumer debt rose and savings fell. Can that last? Retail sales dropped in June—hmmm. Stock-market euphoria may have explained the spring buying spree, but a lot of paper gains were recently shredded as the market fell. The collapse of technology stocks is ominous, since weakness in business investment is always one of the first signs of a slowdown or worse. The news on inflation has not been wonderful either. In the first half of 1996, consumer prices rose at a 3.6 per cent rate—the highest since the Gulf War.

The Week in Verse

At sev'nty-three, *Dole* cleverly was sold,
Like *Willard Scott*, surrounded by the old:
Not only did he look less bad than they
(By maybe more than just his last birthday)
But, better still, how much the gesture lifts
A tired campaign, to offer seniors gifts!
From nursing homes and Arizona pools,
Word's out: Gramps got a bag of garden tools!
Sure into *Clinton* now that's thrown a scare,
Whose goody bag's just stuff'd with *Medicare*,
Respectful youth, and rest for weary bones
And, that the streets be safe (what's this?), cell phones!

Meanwhile, the *Dems* look on and smack their lips:
Republicans employ their scorns and whips
And all the pow'r they have still to condemn
Each other (and the press) instead of them.
Still, too, the party seeks a new contortion
With which to face both ways about abortion:
Each side can claim that it has got *Dole's* voice—
At least we hear on schools that he's pro-choice.
Oh, yes, and also just as anti-drug
As *Clinton's* not, who *now* must feel less smug!
At last by tax cuts he will set his store—
But haven't we heard that somewhere before?

"Alas," wise men look'd at the polls and sigh'd,
"Our last best hope's that *Dole* might step aside:
Him, surely, *Bill* and Co. must disembowel.
We're sunk unless—unless we run with *Powell*!"
But as they dreamed of their new Non-white Knight,
Poor *Lindsey's* stumbles gave the *White House* fright,
The slipp'ry *Tucker* waited further trials,
Marceca took the *Fifth*—and certain files.
Perhaps it isn't *Dole* who's sealed their fate;
Perhaps what they need's not a candidate.
If no one cares for matters so arcane,
Perhaps the candidate needs a campaign!

—JUVENAL

The dirty little secret of Clintonomics, however, is income stagnation. Real hourly wages and benefits rose by 1 per cent a year from 1988 to 1991, but *fell* after 1992, ending up almost unchanged from 1988 to 1995. Median family income rose by nearly 13 per cent from 1982 to 1989, but fell 5 per cent through 1994. Average family income will surely wind up lower in 1996 than it was in 1989—even *before* taxes.

The President has abundant confidence in his ability to talk his way out of any situation, but talk won't raise incomes. Only more output per worker can give everyone more income per worker. Unfortunately, doing anything to add to national output, such as working harder or saving more, now requires climbing over Mr. Clinton's steeply escalated set of tax hurdles, or giving up a $3,500 Treasury check labeled "earned income tax credit." So, the economy, short of labor and savings, is already wheezing without even reaching jogging speed. We tried switching from Asian to European tax policies from 1990 to 1993, and income stopped growing. Is it not obviously time to reverse course?

Every Republican voted against the 1993 tax bill. Voters seemed to appreciate that. Yet the Contract with America somehow neglected to mention Clinton's higher tax rates on "the rich," or the increased corporate and estate taxes. This was a mistake. But it is a mistake that is about to end. The Dole campaign is going to emphasize rolling back the highest tax rates, one way or another. This is driving Friends of Bill crazy. The last thing they expected was that Bob Dole would ignore their kind advice and start talking about such rude subjects as tax rates and income growth. It is wonderful to watch the hysteria and misrepresentation with which the supply-side revival is being greeted on the op-ed pages, by such Clinton surrogates as Lawrence Chimerine and Steven Rattner. They suddenly seem worried that their buddy in the White House just might lose if the campaign issue is taxes and incomes. They should be.

Selling RU-486

A COUPLE of years ago promoters of RU-486 hired a PR firm to "sell" the drug to the American public. They had four talking points: it will make abortion totally private, make abortion as easy as taking aspirin, replace surgical abortion, and end the abortion controversy in America. It is now clear that none of these is true. In France, the RU-486 procedure involves at least three trips to an abortion clinic (sometimes as many as seven) for medical supervision, necessary because of the potential for substantial blood loss, and for the confirmation of a completed abortion. After multiple trips to the doctor, some women still have to "pass" the dead fetus at home. In 1 to 7 per cent of cases, the woman has to have a surgical abortion after all.

But Food and Drug Administration head David Kess-

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ler, under heat from the Clinton Administration, has promised abortion advocates that his agency would approve RU-486 in a fast-track six-month process, and he seems on the verge of delivering. An FDA advisory committee—including such longtime abortion advocates as Kenneth Ryan, Ezra Davidson, and Edward Wallach—has recommended that Kessler approve the drug, which he could do as early as mid September. All of this raises the likelihood that the drug will be marketed with major questions still lingering about its safety:

—What do the researchers make of data showing special risks for African-American women (who have a higher incidence of uterine fibroids and may be at greater risk of incomplete abortion from RU-486), Asian-American women (who may be at greater risk of heavier bleeding), and obese women (whose larger body mass may entail higher rates of failed abortion)?

—Will the FDA require the use of ultrasound to make sure that a pregnancy is not past seven weeks? Should the FDA be concerned that RU-486 might only injure, and not kill, the developing child?

—With nearly 43 per cent of abortions now repeat abortions, what are the medical implications from multiple uses of the drug? What will be the effect on a woman's future pregnancies?

Even the clinical trials weren't always credible. At the conclusion of trials in Iowa, the *Des Moines Register* published a story last fall stating that the "clinical test of the abortion pill has ended in Iowa, with no complications reported among 236 women." Dr. Mark Louviere was

Right Data

SOCIAL SECURITY is going broke. Maybe. There's a growing awareness that insolvency, currently projected for 2029, can be postponed, perhaps indefinitely, if surplus funds are invested wisely.

Over the next twenty years Social Security revenues will exceed benefit payments by a whopping $2 trillion. These surpluses are "lent" to the government. (Although Washington spends the cash, the gimmick helps to keep the deficit below $200 billion today, and to balance it by 2002.) Meanwhile, the retirement fund earns just 2.3 per cent per annum, after inflation, on the money. Had the funds been invested in common stocks—in effect privatizing part of the system—the return would have been close to 7 per cent.

Had an average-income worker born in 1970 been allowed to invest his Social Security taxes in stocks, he would receive nearly six times the retirement benefits obtainable under Social Security—as much as $11,729 per month. Even a low-wage earner would triple the return on Social Security.

But no matter how shrewdly you invest them, the surpluses are too small and short-lived to postpone insolvency by more than a year or two. At their peak, in 2010, a rebate of $880 per worker would be possible. Starting in 2012, as baby boomers retire, benefit payments exceed payroll-tax collections. Over the long haul Social Security faces a $12-trillion gap between future benefits and revenues.

A realistic privatization plan must address this enormous unfunded liability. Congressman Nick Smith's Social Security Solvency Act does just that. He envisions a two-tier benefit system. Tier one provides a basic retirement benefit financed by payroll taxes. The second tier's size will depend on money invested privately. Mr. Smith's bill would permit workers to divert 2.3 per cent of their income—subtracting this from the current 12.4 per cent payroll tax (employee and employer combined)—into privately held savings accounts. Over time the permissible amount rises to 10 per cent.

Mr. Smith does not provide a free lunch, however. To pay for private accounts he shrinks the size of the government component. Retirees making more than $50,000 a year would—once they have recovered everything they and their employers paid into Social Security, plus interest—receive smaller Social Security benefits. The age at which workers can get reduced benefits, currently 62, would gradually rise to 65, while the normal retirement age, currently slated to rise to 67, would be pushed up to 69.

Mr. Smith would also rejigger the formula used to compute basic benefits so as to reduce the share of an upper-income salary replaced by Social Security. And workers who put money into private accounts will, upon retirement, have their Social Security (tier one) benefits reduced by the amount accumulated in their private account.

Computer models suggest that with modest wage growth and a 4.3 per cent real rate of return, the private accounts will eventually provide benefits larger than those available from the government program. At that point, some time late in the next century, payroll taxes will no longer be needed to finance retirement benefits. Social Security will be completely privatized.

Purists invariably point to Chile. In 1981 that nation privatized its retirement system almost overnight. But Chile faces no baby-boom retirement bulge. Investment capital is scarce. This enabled private retirement funds to generate returns averaging 14 per cent per year—roughly twice our stock-market growth rate. Last, but not least, are the large budget surpluses Chile ran to help pay off pensioners in the old state-run system. That might be difficult to emulate in a country not run by a junta.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

SOCIAL SECURITY: WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY

	Total Income	Benefit Payments	Surplus	Surplus per Worker	Fund Assets
1996	$ 425 bil.	$ 355 bil.	$ 70 bil.	$ 493	$ 566 bil.
2000	520 bil.	434 bil.	86 bil.	588	881 bil.
2005	691 bil.	577 bil.	114 bil.	748	1,391 bil.
2015	1,218 bil.	1,112 bil.	106 bil.	658	2,690 bil.
2025	1,899 bil.	2,214 bil.	−315 bil.	−1,929	1,858 bil.
2029	Assets Depleted (Insolvent)				

Source: 1996 Trustees Report (intermediate forecast)

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surprised to see this account after treating one woman who had been part of the trials. According to the *Waterloo Courier*, she suffered life-threatening complications caused by loss of half her blood volume after being administered RU-486 at a Des Moines Planned Parenthood clinic. Planned Parenthood explained that its claim of no complications referred to the trials, not the participants.

The participant who always suffers most from RU-486, of course, is the unborn child. If there is something unseemly, and indeed risky, in the FDA's rush to approve this drug, the deepest shame is that an agency charged with protecting Americans' health would give its imprimatur to a drug designed to destroy the most vulnerable segment of our population. This is a procedure of which it can be said without irony that the operation was successful and the patient died. —Clarke D. Forsythe

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

"Notes & Asides" of February 16 startled me a little. I had read the Glasner review of Popper's work and thought it interesting, and meaningful and rational.

But wow! the vituperation of these three—Jaffa, Strauss, and Voegelin—made me wonder what I had missed that had evoked these tantrums.

I had to go back and dig out my issue of December 25, 1995, and reread the review of Popper's work, to see what the fuss was about.

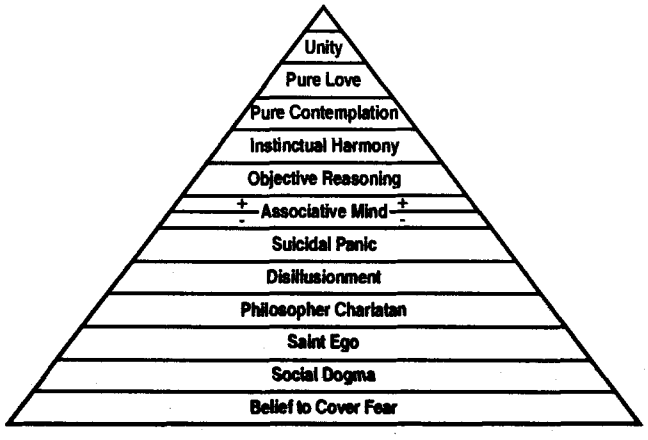
My conclusion: Jealous rage? The embarrassment of being exposed?

I was thrown to think that this was a matter of persons arguing from different levels of consciousness rather than an intellectual debate. Popper obviously has attained a level higher than these latter three, and they can't handle it.

I attach a chart of the various levels of consciousness I compiled, based on some work of George Gurdjieff. I have used this structure to great effect in understanding certain philosophical/spiritual/religious issues.

I would suggest that the three Popper antagonists you have cited might be protesting from level 768, Philosopher Charlatan, while Popper himself might have reached level 96, Associative Mind, or higher.

Sincerely,
John L. Mapleback
Solana Beach, Calif.



Levels of Consciousness

Level	Space	The Meaning
3	Unity	Ascendancy, beyond normal existence
6	Pure Love	Identification with all souls
12	Pure Contemplation	The passage
24	Instinctual Harmony	Living without fear of attachment
48	Objective Reasoning	Death of the personality, attachments; free of the mind's dominance
+96	Associative Mind +	First experience of knowledge processed into wisdom
96	Associative Mind 0	Empty mind
-96	Associative Mind –	Unconscious record of experience
192	Suicidal Panic	Nothing works—letting go of everything
384	Disillusionment	The suspicion that all you learned is bunk
768	Philosopher Charlatan	The know-it-all; most gurus, teachers, priests, etc.
1536	Saint Ego	Highest level of the personality—think you know
3072	Social Dogma	Culture, conventions, most religions
6144	Belief to Cover Fear	Most of humanity never leaves this space. The unexamined life.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I ask you to rethink your egregious uses of "liberal" and "conservative."

These words may not be properly identified with either of the nation's largest political parties, and it is rather banal to do so, as "Your 100 Best Conservative Movies" did [March 11] with the movie *Delta Force*. For example, would you not agree that most Democrats oppose liberal defense spending? Of course, by digging up some American dictionary that makes liberal use of a word's true definition you might build a frail case for this practice.

The popular media have somehow convinced our society that "positive" and "negative" mean "good" and "bad," and we can hardly afford to lose two more perfectly good words. The widespread abuse of our language has an effect more serious than just displeasing old schoolteachers and supercilious readers. We lose subtlety. And words become absurd abstractions: "choice," "racist," "radical."

Please make corrections forthwith, and adhere to *OED*. All this because you omitted *It's a Wonderful Life* from your favorite-movie list.

David Becker
dave@davehp.mst.lanl.gov

Dear Mr. Becker: Of course. The conservative/liberal movie list is entirely playful taxonomy. Cordially,

—WFB

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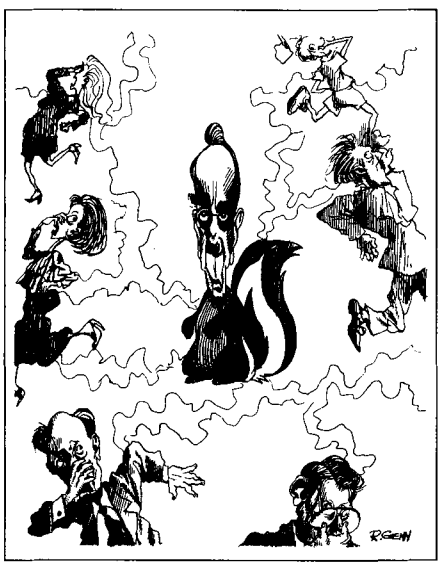
CAPITAL SCENE

Jumping Ship

RICH LOWRY



Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

AT FIRST only members of the House Ways and Means Committee wanted to send President Clinton a stand-alone welfare-reform bill. For months, the Republican strategy had been to combine welfare reforms with changes to the Medicaid system that President Clinton couldn't stomach, guaranteeing a Clinton veto of the welfare–Medicaid package (in what could be his third veto of welfare legislation). But Ways and Means members, after more than a year of labor, were anxious to see their handiwork become law. Committee members John Ensign (R., Nev.) and David Camp (R., Minn.) circulated a letter to the leadership in June asking that the House pass a welfare bill stripped of the Medicaid veto-bait. It got about fifty signatures. Speaker Newt Gingrich opposed the idea, hoping to give the Dole campaign an opportunity to attack Clinton over a third welfare veto. But, soon, it would be a lost cause.

Rep. Jimmy Hayes (R., La.), one of last year's party-switchers, convinced Majority Leader Dick Armey at a June meeting in the Ways and Means room of the Capitol that Clinton would have to veto even a stand-alone bill or risk infuriating his base. Meanwhile, it seemed increasingly senseless for the House to try to protect the interests of a floundering Dole campaign. If Congress passed a bill the President could sign, Members would get credit back home for a major accomplishment. "The campaign wasn't scoring points on welfare anyway," explains one party official. When Ensign and Camp wrote another letter, they got more than a hundred signatures just by walking onto the House floor. House leaders weren't sure they could pass even the procedural "rule"—typically a party-line vote—for a bill keeping welfare and Medicaid together. The two would have to be split —and the Dole campaign would have to fend for itself.

The decision to send Clinton a welfare bill he might sign is emblematic, not only of a potential major rift between congressional Republicans and the Dole campaign, but of the way the weakness of the campaign feeds further weakness; it prompts the GOP to throw good politics after bad. No Republican wins from the welfare decision. If the President signs a bill, Dole loses irrevocably one of the GOP's traditional top three issues (taxes, crime, welfare). Getting anything other than a watered-down bill through Senate moderates, meanwhile, is always a dicey proposition (some Ways and Means members, privately banking on a second Clinton term, argue that *any* bill passed this year is the best chance at reform this century). Finally, House Republicans may well find that disarming Dole on a major issue would ultimately hurt more than their "accomplishment" helps. "Any guy who is in a marginal district who thinks he needs welfare to boost him," argues a top Senate staffer, "doesn't realize that . . . if Bob Dole is not doing well, it doesn't matter—he sinks without a trace."

But Capitol Hill Republicans, understandably, aren't in the mood for being team players. The feeling, according to one long-time congressional aide, is reminiscent of 1992, "when we were getting bashed on the fairness issue, [and] Republicans kept waiting for the Bush campaign to rescue them. Finally we realized the cavalry wasn't going to come over the hill." This year no one is expecting a charge of the Dole brigade. "People have given up," says a senior House leadership staffer. "They're looking at Dole and he's awful. He's a nothing. He's a zero." It is only July, with the public more focused on Dan O'Brien's long jumps than Bob Dole's flip-flops. But if the Dole campaign continues to drift, congressional Republicans will resort to more free-lancing like the welfare–Medicaid split. Another House aide gives Dole a few more weeks to find his voice, but "if he doesn't, it's going to be CYA, baby."

IF House Republicans abandon Dole, it will be a sort of rough justice—since Dole left them first. In a June interview with the *Washington Times*, Dole gave House freshmen the back of his hand: "Those people who voted for you [freshmen] want you to do, but they don't want you to do it so fast" (*sic*). His bumbling reversal on the assault-weapons ban cut the legs out from under House members who had made a tough vote to repeal the ban in order to keep the gun-rights portion of the GOP base happy. Dole, of course, was working at cross-purposes, trying to distance himself from that same base (and succeeding—only 62 per cent of Republicans support him, according to recent polls). The strategy is the mirror image of Clinton's "triangulation," which works for the President because what his core supporters represent is unpopular with the rest of the country. Dole, on the other hand, dampens his own party's enthusiasm by eschewing the very issues with which Republicans win swing voters (abortion, affirmative action, etc.).

Compounding the strategic divergence is the Dole campaign's organizational disarray. Speaker Gingrich convenes weekly Thursday-morning meetings with top staff from the cam-

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

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paign committees, Sens. Spence Abraham (Mich.) and Paul Coverdell (Ga.) and Reps. Bob Franks (N.J.) and Jennifer Dunn (Wash.)—all former state party chairmen—to talk about the shape of the national GOP campaign. At first a representative of the Dole campaign would attend the meeting. Lately, the campaign has been AWOL. For Hill offices, trying to reinforce the Dole message—assuming there is one—is often a shot in the dark; it's easier to find out what the White House will be doing in days ahead than the Dole campaign. A schedule of coming events produced by the RNC for the Gingrich meetings has a column for the Dole campaign—sometimes left nearly blank.

There have been daily morning conference calls between communications offices on the Hill and Dole communications staff. But, explains one GOP press officer, it has become increasingly clear that staff-level co-ordination is a waste of time as long as the Dole campaign is "a rudderless ship." So the House has revamped its own communications apparatus around daily meetings involving Gingrich, other members of the leadership, National Republican Congressional Committee Chairman Bill Paxon, and Budget Committee Chairman John Kasich. In a kind of communications whip effort, the members will decide who among congressional Republicans can help deliver a daily message. Officially, the new structure has nothing to do with Dole, but privately some House aides describe it as a way of going alone—until the campaign catches up.

Congressional Republicans share some of the blame for the GOP's funk. For one thing, over the last two years they have reinforced Dole's natural aversion to tax cuts. Jack Kemp, Sen. Trent Lott, Sen. Connie Mack, Dick Armey, and Newt Gingrich—the so-called "amigos"—have recently focused with more energy on how to get the party back on the growth track. One idea (which has already been carried out) was a Hill conference on the slow pace of the Clinton recovery. A useful by-product of the activity is preparing the ground for a Dole tax cut (both Donald Rumsfeld and Vin Weber, two tax-cutters in the Dole camp, have been involved).

The House GOP has also abetted Dole's punt on race preferences. The campaign's unwillingness to talk about the California Civil Rights Initiative approaches insanity; in recent polling by California assembly candidates, Dole was losing by about 10 points in two swing districts in Long Beach, while CCRI was winning by 30. But the House has followed Dole's affirmative-action retreat with alacrity.

The campaign's unwillingness to talk about the California Civil Rights Initiative approaches insanity

The irony is that if Congress goes its own way it may become even more timid. Republicans do best when campaigns are nationalized around a few polarizing issues. But with the Dole campaign showing little interest in that kind of campaign, congressional Republicans will be forced back on traditional incumbent campaigns, emphasizing their bi-partisan accomplishments (a marked contrast to 1994, when confrontational Republicans defined Clinton as a liberal). Welfare is one example. The other is health care, with Republicans likely to jettison their attempt to get Medical Savings Accounts in a rush to pass a version of the Kassebaum–Kennedy regulation bill that the President can sign. If this strategy worked in the past for congressional Democrats—natural deliverers of pork, from local water projects to the various benefits of the welfare state—it's not so clear it will be a boon to Republicans, especially if a Dole campaign constitutes a huge drag from the top.

GOP congressmen are counting on a variety of buffers from a Dole campaign downdraft. One is money. The Republican campaign committees have huge money leads over their Democratic counterparts and so will many individual Republican incumbents (although union spending vitiates this advantage somewhat). Another is candidates. When the parties were recruiting congressional candidates the political environment still favored Republicans, and it shows. Third and last is geography. A Dole debacle could kill Republicans in tough Northeastern districts, but the big GOP gains last year were concentrated in the South, where Republicans stand to make more headway no matter what. Some on the Hill even talk of "reverse coattails," drumming up enough turn-out in their own districts to carry Dole. Would that it were possible. Says political analyst Stu Rothenberg: "That's not just wishful thinking, that comes from the Land of Oz."

The bad news is that straight-ticket voting is on the rise. "People aren't going to turn out and vote for Bill Clinton and [vulnerable Kentucky freshman] Ed Whitfield," says one party official. "That's just not going to happen." Columnist Robert Novak projects that, if the election were held today, there would be a 50–50 split in the Senate. If Dole loses by more than eight points, the GOP majority in the House could begin to fade too.

There is still time for the political environment to change. An over-confident Clinton could veto welfare reform. The Dole tax package could be bold enough to energize his party. But, whatever happens, there's no avoiding Bob Dole. A stampede to desert him, further demonstrating his weakness and contributing to a still larger loss, will ultimately hurt the deserters. For Republicans, the Dole campaign is like a bad dream, filled with hints of impending doom, but no opportunity for escape. □

"With him it's not just the summer people."

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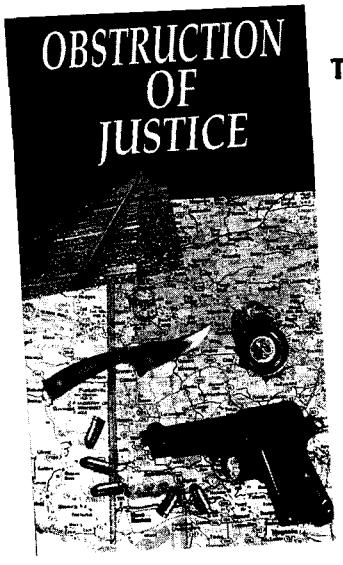

Two teenage boys stumble upon a major drug smuggling operation. The boys are brutally murdered and their bodies placed on a railroad track to give the appearance of a train accident. Soon thereafter, half a dozen witnesses to the crime are found dead; another mysteriously vanishes; others are put away in prison on false charges. Why were numerous state, county and federal investigations blocked? • Why was a thirty month Grand Jury investigation abruptly shut down? • Why did the FBI tell the boys' grieving parents, "You should accept the fact that a crime has not been committed?" **This story of murder, drugs, corruption and coverups, involves high ranking government officials, reaching up to the most powerful elective office in the world! It shows that interference from sinister political allies continues to protect these criminals from prosecution!**

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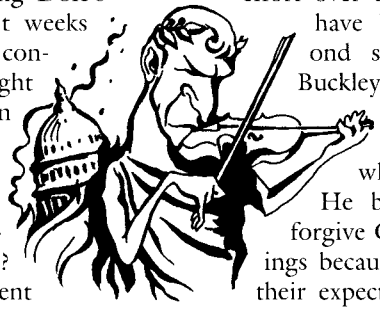
BREAD & CIRCUSES

A CURIOUS Republican pollster recently added a hypothetical match-up to one of his surveys. Bill Clinton enjoys a commanding lead over Bob Dole, but how would George Bush fare? It turns out that George Herbert Walker Bush would be favored over Clinton by 49 to 43 per cent. This confirmed the pollster's conviction that President Clinton "is now renting voters from Dole." Alas, watching Dole's performance over the past weeks has persuaded dispirited conservatives that Clinton might have a long-term lease on those voters.



Dole partisans grant that their man has some real weaknesses as a candidate—how could they not?—but attribute his recent gaffes to a bumpy transition from Senate Majority Leader to full-time campaigner. They argue that changes in his mission and his aides, and the intensity of press coverage, have all taken their toll. For instance, Senator Dole was always briefed with extreme care because his Senate staffers knew he had a propensity to blurt out whatever he had been told. It was only when Dole publicly asserted that the NAACP convention invitation was made in an attempt to set him up that a veteran of his Senate staff realized that his campaign staff didn't yet understand the delicacy of its task.

With little money left to spend on advertising, the campaign planned to rely on "earned media." The candidate was to be solely responsible for getting across the message. (But there would be no message on taxes because the campaign believed that a tax-cut proposal would have more "punch" if it was saved for the convention.) The strategy bore fruit. "He certainly 'earned' his media in the sense that he got what he deserved," an insider observes ruefully.

After "two miserable weeks" in early July, John Buckley, the Dole campaign's (now full-time) communications director, believes the campaign is back on track, but it must "give the base more of a reason to be for us." There's certainly room at the inn. Buckley points out that numbered among Clinton's supporters are 21 per cent of "pro-life" voters, 28 per cent of self-described conservatives, and 27 per cent of Republicans, all of whom must be "brought back home." He attributes Clinton's success in drawing GOP support to the huge amount of money spent on behalf of his re-elect effort over the past year. "There have been 36,000 30-second spots against Dole," Buckley notes. He is looking forward to reminding voters in turn of who Clinton really is. He believes that "People forgive Clinton his shortcomings because they have lowered their expectations about what a President should be. We have to raise those expectations." It's a two-pronged approach, both recalling Clinton's weaknesses and highlighting Dole's personal and public virtues.

Buckley expects Dole's position on critical issues will solidify his base. Dole has unveiled a voucher plan, explains Buckley, "because he supports the consumers of education, while Clinton supports the producers." He anticipates a well-received "Hollywood II" speech, and a pro-growth tax package before the convention opens on August 12.

There are still snags. A conservative policy expert working with the "first-rate" Dole economic team has found the process of settling on a tax-reform proposal "an exercise in frustration" marked by the nagging impression that the candidate will be the last one in the campaign to be convinced of the need to reduce taxes. This causes him to question Dole's ability to sell tax cuts convincingly. But Buckley turns this criticism around. "Nobody can make the case for a tax cut without tanking the deficit more credibly than Dole. Not even Jack Kemp," he asserts. (Buckley was Kemp's 1988 campaign press secretary.) Another operative tells wary conservatives that Steve Forbes must have had a remarkable effect on Bob Dole, who now "talks about growth targets in meetings"—a useful case of blurting out what he has been told.

Buckley is also counting on the convention to be a smashing success. Dole's acceptance speech—crafted by novelist Mark Helprin, who wrote his moving farewell to the Senate—is "Reaganesque," according to one campaign operative. The candidate has been "rehearsing it for the past month." And if Dole's maneuvers on the platform and the assignment of key speeches to Colin Powell and Susan Molinari have been jarring for conservatives, Buckley figures the campaign has "done everything it needs to do to prevent the networks from positioning Dole as a kook."

THE Dole campaign has no desire to let Pat Buchanan give the media an excuse to file "Houston Revisited" stories. If the role Buchanan will play in San Diego remains a loose end, it's not one the campaign worries much about tying up. When Dole recently invited his primary opponents and their wives to a "unity lunch" to discuss how to defeat Clinton, the trap was laid. The Buchanans politely declined because Pat was still a "declared candidate." He came out looking like a bitter-ender.

While Buchanan remains a candidate, speaking slots are quickly filling up, and if he eventually endorses Dole, it may be too late to add him to the program. If Dole winds up with a pro-life platform and a pro-life running-mate and Buchanan still doesn't join the team, it will appear to be a personal squabble.

However, the Dole campaign would do well to avoid complacency toward Buchanan, who won a quarter of the GOP primary vote and who will have many sympathizers at San Diego. The campaign believes that even if Buchanan is given the cold shoulder, the convention will fire up the GOP base. "We will walk out the convention door with $74 million under our arms, and that will change the entire landscape," Buckley declares.

Sure, money talks. But so must Bob Dole. Even if the campaign is not as feckless and disorganized as critics think, there is ultimately no substitute for a candidate with a clear agenda and the ability to sell it. That's not an impossible standard for Dole to meet. There was a time, not long ago, when the chief anxiety of his handlers was the sharpness of his wit. —KATE O'BEIRNE

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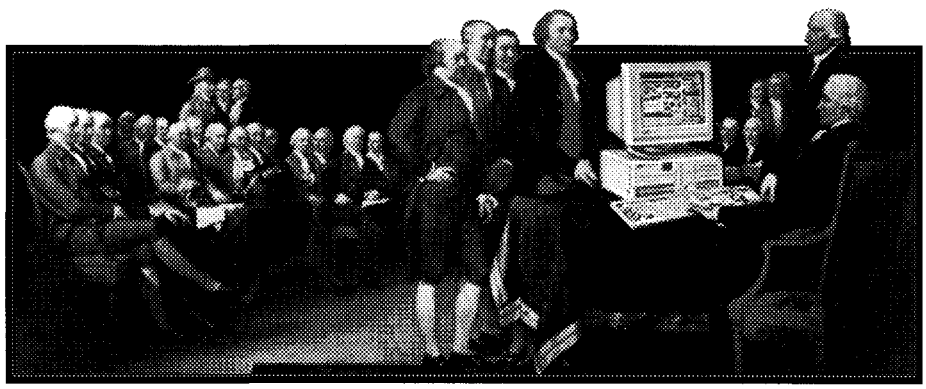

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ON THE SCENE

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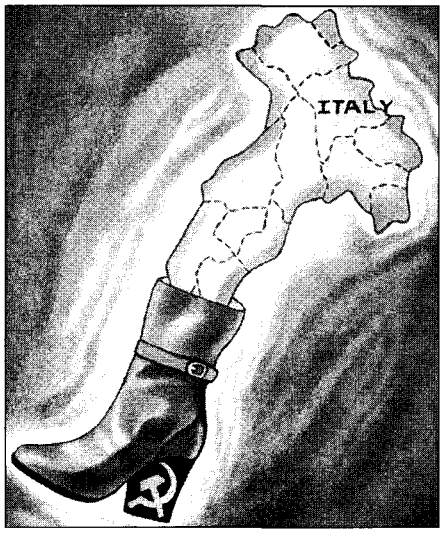

Bonnie T. Gardner

ROME

FOR half a century the Italian Communists knocked on the door of the Italian government, and for half a century the electorate sent them packing. Now their heirs—both those who flaunt their Communist credentials, and those who keep promising to take the hammer and sickle off the party banners—are in, to the tune of 9 cabinet ministers out of 20. Twenty, even ten years ago this event would have rocked the West; today, it gets only fleeting attention, which helps us appreciate the extent to which the implosion of the Communist Empire has changed the world. As Italy is the primary Western laboratory for advanced political experimentation, the months ahead will furnish us with precious data on the state of the Left after the Fall.

The victory of Professor Romano Prodi's Center–Left alliance looks very much like Bill Clinton's defeat of George Bush. Prodi, a slightly left-of-center economics professor from Bologna who headed one of the two giant state-owned holding companies (and who therefore rates as one of the quintessential bureaucrats of the old, corrupt system), ran as a New Democrat, attacking the leader of the Center–Right alliance, former prime minister and media and real-estate magnate Silvio Berlusconi, for corruption and incompetence. Prodi's Olive Tree alliance included hard-line Communists, ex-Communists who have had public conversions to a vaguely defined social democracy, and a variety of former Christian Democrats. Prodi's main man in the campaign, and now his deputy prime minister, is Walter Veltroni, a with-it ex-Communist high-school dropout who skillfully edited the ex-Communist newspaper *l'Unità*, and whose hero is John F. Kennedy. Even the leader of the ex-Communist party—now known as the PDS, the Democratic Party of the Left—Massimo d'Alema, is a graceful and engaging guy, and his rhetoric is suitably tolerant and democratic. In short, the Left that won the April elections did not walk like a Left, or talk like a Left, and indeed its leader was not a man of the Left. You cannot win a national election anywhere in the civilized world these days if you run as the left-wing candidate.

The electoral details dispel any lingering suspicion of a fundamental leftward shift. The big gainers were those with a very clear anti-Rome message. In keeping with the global model, Italians voted against big-government-business-as-usual. It is also worth noticing that the Center–Left won because it kept its extremists inside the alliance, while the Center–Right was damaged by excluding its unrepentant right-wingers. In no fewer than 29 districts, the total votes cast for the Center–Right and the far Right exceeded those for the winning Center–Left candidate.

The good news for the Center-Left is that this gave it a parliamentary majority. The bad news is that the survival of Prodi's government will depend upon the votes of *Rifondazione comunista*, a throwback to the Comintern which wasted no time in showing its anti-democratic fangs. When Prodi submitted his government to a pro-forma confidence vote in the Chamber of Deputies at the end of May, a union leader from the South—elected as an independent on *Rifondazione*'s proportional list—voted no. Years ago, Prodi had folded Fiat into Alfa Romeo (costing many assembly-line jobs), and the union leader didn't want to embrace an anti-worker and anti-popular government. She was promptly thrown out of the parliamentary group.

Prodi, despite his years of study at Harvard and Stanford, is a solid Western citizen who wants rapid privatization, a tough austerity program to reduce inflation, and reform of NATO. *Rifondazione* wants the abolition of NATO, an expanded welfare state, and more goodies for the working class. It's rather like having an American government headed by Sam Nunn depending on a block of votes controlled by Angela Davis. Prodi talks confidently about serving out his full 5-year term, but the odds are against him: postwar Italian prime ministers have averaged about 11 months in office, and the problems facing him would daunt Machiavelli. By early July, *Rifondazione* had blocked much of the prime minister's program, and his allies were openly courting Berlusconi in an effort to escape *Rifondazione*'s demands.

THROUGHOUT unhappy Europe, one of the many depressing by-products of the failed welfare state is that birthrates are dropping; in Italy, deaths exceed births by more than 30,000 a year. This means that the industrial North needs manpower, and oddly enough it's coming from other European countries and North Africa rather than from the South, where birthrates are much higher and jobs are scarce (55 per cent of young people looking for their first jobs are unemployed). Official projections warn that in twenty years, 25 per cent of the population will be past 65. These grim numbers suggest that the North will have to either become a melting pot, or kiss a melancholy arrivederci to the great economic boom of the recent past.

Yet the North is headed in the opposite direction. The Northern League captured a staggering 34 per cent of the

Mr. Ledeen holds the Freedom Chair at the American Enterprise Institute.

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vote in the North, making it far and away the biggest political force in the region. The League's gruff leader, Umberto Bossi, preaches a populist sermon of regional autonomy—sometimes sounding like outright secessionism, sometimes a largely undefined federalism—whose central passion is contempt for everything and everyone over the southern horizon. Bossi has created his own parliament and a skeletal government, and recently held a summit with French autonomists from Lorraine to stress that his is not just an Italian movement, but part of a broader phenomenon. Yet it is not at all clear that the League's strident calls for a separate northern nation are

In keeping with the global model, Italians voted against big-government-business-as-usual

what got it all those votes. Just two years ago, when Bossi & Co. came to Rome as part of Berlusconi's government, the League seemed destined to dissolve into the broad embrace of the new Center–Right, driven by a commitment to smaller government, lower taxes, and greater freedom for the people. Like Gingrich's forces in America, Berlusconi and his allies nibbled at the edges of the budget, and tried to limit the mounting power of a highly politicized judiciary. But Berlusconi, like Gingrich, suffered a savage personal and political onslaught, and left the political battlefield in disarray.

Berlusconi's moment of truth came when his Justice Minister challenged the judges who were conducting the celebrated purge of Italy's old political and business elites. Centered in Milan, and popularized by the charismatic investigative magistrate Antonio di Pietro, the judiciary arrested thousands of businessmen and politicians, often on flimsy and occasionally fanciful charges, and then offered freedom in exchange for incriminating evidence against juicier targets. The overwhelming majority of the victims came from the ranks of the old anti-Communists, and the political effect greatly favored the Left. The purge was made possible by the frequent use of preventive detention, enabling the judges to keep their targets in jail for months, even years, without having to bring formal charges.

A classic of the genre is the story of Vito Gamberale, in 1993 the head of the national telephone company. He was rounded up in October 1993 by a Neapolitan judge, accused of illegally forcing one of his company's suppliers to hire four workers, and summarily arrested. After seventy days of imprisonment, he spent months under house arrest, and was not even permitted to have a priest visit his home on Christmas. He pointed out that the arrest warrant was based on testimony which was not in the judge's hands until an hour and a half after Gamberale's arrest. He produced documentation to show that the four men in question were in fact hired by Gamberale's own company, not the supplier. Although Gamberale was eventually cleared and resumed his career, his case is symptomatic. Reading between the lines of the court documents, it seems that his real crime was to have had friends in the Socialist Party.

Not only was this sort of thing a clear abuse of power, it violated the new standards enacted by the European Union, and the Berlusconi government announced its intention to limit the practice by executive order. Within hours of the announcement, the parties, publications, and radio and television networks of the Left erupted in a frenzy of righteous indignation demanding that the executive order be revoked, and Berlusconi, with the deal-making instincts of the successful businessman, negotiated an about-face. From that day on, his doom was sealed. The judges have arrested scores of his business associates (including his own brother), friends, and supporters, and Berlusconi himself faces a series of trials on corruption charges. It is probably only a matter of time before he is convicted of something (it is a safe bet that every Italian over the age of 45 who amounts to anything in politics or business participated in the system of organized corruption, and Berlusconi was one of the great players in that opulent game).

Berlusconi thus turned out to be a victim of the purge rather than its master, and by the time of the 1996 elections, he was a spent force. Furthermore, the Center–Right coalition no longer had the Northern League in its ranks, and Bossi not only was unbloodied but seemed the only viable protest vote. One of the most thoughtful analysts of Italian electoral data, Professor Renato Mann-

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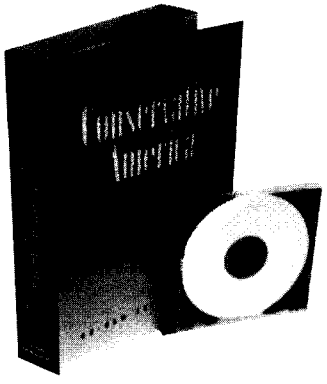

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heimer, has concluded that Bossi's voters come from the "radical Center." They hate the central government, they have no faith in the parties of the Left or Right, yet they define themselves as centrists. Shades of Ross Perot. Yet despite Berlusconi's personal and political failures, and despite the loss of the League, his Forza Italia got roughly the same vote as it had two years earlier, a tribute to the conservative sentiments of the Italian electorate.

But Romano Prodi is prime minister, while Berlusconi and his allies in the ex-neo-Fascist National Alliance must now reorganize themselves and create an effective opposition. It will not be easy, for no one has stepped forward to take the mantle of leadership. The head of the National Alliance, Gianfranco Fini, was weakened by the electoral outcome, even though his party gained strength, because he had pushed the hardest of any of the political heavyweights for the elections to be held. Moreover, the country is not yet ready to entrust its destiny to a party that has only recently emerged from years in the political equivalent of a leper colony. Despite the torrent of ink from America's leading newspapers, warning darkly of a Fascist revival, nothing of the sort has taken place, and Fini himself is a classic Gaullist, a big-government conservative. It is hard to imagine the National Alliance re-entering government by itself; just as the post-Communists need a centrist to cover their entry, the post-Fascists need similar protection. That leaves Forza Italia to organize the opposition, but FI is the personal creation of Berlusconi, and it is by no means certain that it will survive his political demise.

THERE are some excellent men and women in FI, but Berlusconi doesn't relish turning over significant power to any of them, as was demonstrated in the choice of leader of the parliamentary group. The hawks—those in favor of a forceful advocacy of the movement's Gingrichian principles—favored Antonio Martino, the brilliant Chicago-trained economist who was foreign minister in the Berlusconi government. But Berlusconi threw his support to an old Christian Democratic apparatchik who had favored the entry of the Communists into the government back in the late Seventies. It will be a while before Forza Italia gets its second wind, if it ever does. Meanwhile, the main political challenges to the new government are the Northern League, and the increasingly aggressive moves against Prodi's authority from the ex-Communist PDS.

In all likelihood, the PDS's D'Alema rather hoped that Prodi/Veltroni would lose the elections, which would have left D'Alema alone as leader of the Left. However, realizing that the new government was likely to fail in relatively short order, D'Alema immediately put himself in a position to lead the successor government. Within weeks of Prodi's inauguration, D'Alema had announced his intention to expand the sweep of his political alliance by inviting the former socialists to join his party, thereby uniting the forces capable of achieving genuine reform. This stroke was followed by yet another, this one launched by Antonio Maccanico, the minister of post and telecommunications, who observed in an interview in early July that the situation in Parliament was hopeless, and that true reform could be carried out only with the support of Berlusconi's group. Berlusconi and Fini were quick to announce their willingness to negotiate a programmatic agreement, provided they were given a proper share of authority. This produced screams of outrage from *Rifondazione*, which saw its blackmail leverage slipping away, and considerable discomfort from Prodi/Veltroni, who saw their political base crumbling.

Meanwhile, some of those who spent most of their adult lives fighting Communism fear that the ex-Communists and the *Rifondazione* hard-liners will greatly increase intellectual and political control from Rome, and will peddle a kind of pidgin Marxism in the schools, on radio and television, and in the movies. If that is their design, they are well placed to do it, for they control the cultural instruments: the ministers in charge of public schools, universities, cultural riches, and scientific research come from the ex-Communist ranks. So does the interior minister, Giorgio Napolitano, whose impeccable good manners, apparently democratic instincts, and elegant gravitas (not to mention his lack of hair) made him the Communist Party's Adlai Stevenson a generation ago. Yet, Napolitano early gave evidence of certain habits of mind that one had hoped the ex-Communists had left behind. One of his first moves was to announce a change in the use of language by the police forces, prefects, and magistrates under his control: henceforth the honorific Excellency would be reserved for bishops of the Church, and no longer applied to high government officials. And the third-person singular pronoun *Lei* would no longer be capitalized, as it has been ever since Dante. The effect of both these little changes in ministerial protocol is to diminish the stature of the person addressed, thereby producing a kind of leveling, almost as if one had in mind a classless society. The meddling with the third-person singular has a particularly unpleasant precedent: Mussolini changed the *Lei* to *Voi*, in order to emphasize the solidarity of the Fascist collective.

IT MAY well be that Prodi will turn out to be Italy's Kerensky, and that the Left is taking control of the culture in order to seize the remaining levers of power in a second phase. D'Alema's gambit, trying to create some kind of grand coalition in which the basic issues facing the country would be submerged in a massive power-sharing free-for-all, lends itself to this interpretation. But I don't believe it; the ideological fire that drove the old Communist Party has been extinguished, and the new leftists are fighting for pure political power for themselves, not for the expansion of the Communist Empire.

Prodi seems to understand that his best chance for the future lies in enacting Berlusconi's program. The man in charge of the economy, Carlo Azeglio Ciampi, has announced his intention to cut taxes, and Prodi continues to talk about the desperate need for privatization. But this can only be done by some sort of alliance with Berlusconi and Fini, and that alliance threatens the very existence of the Prodi/Veltroni government. If that seems excessively Machiavellian for American political sensitivities, consider our own paradox: Clinton can be re-elected only on a Gingrichian platform, but that platform can be enacted only by an opposition Congress.

It would be a supreme paradox indeed if the Left had finally entered the Italian government only to institutionalize key elements of the free-market, anti-Communist vision of their defeated adversaries on the Right. But could the same not be said about François Mitterrand, Felipe González, and that well-known former Communist functionary Vaclav Klaus? In the end of Communism, Italian-style, the gravediggers of the old order have turned out to be leftist counterrevolutionaries. □

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NR West

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Foul Ball

JAMES F. SWEENEY

ON June 20, the California Supreme Court handed down a unanimous decision in *People of the State of California* v. *the Superior Court of San Diego County (Romero)*, the first constitutional review of California's "three strikes" law. Widely regarded by "three strikes" supporters as a devastating setback, the court interpreted the law to permit trial judges to exercise discretion in applying the law. Thus it restored to judges the ability to go easy on repeat violent felons. But in the course of doing so, the *Romero* decision ignited a full-scale constitutional turf war, mobilizing the legislative and executive branches of California's government to take remedial action.

In a larger sense, the legacy of *Romero* may involve much more than the mere question of statutory interpretation upon which the state Supreme Court resolved the case. It also raises profound issues regarding the proper extent of judicial power and the right of the people to prune it back. And if California's governor and assembly leadership is correct, the *Romero* decision may have provided the defining political issue of the state's 1996 election.

From the beginning, "three strikes" proponents—most visibly victims'-rights advocate Mike Reynolds, a Fresno photographer whose daughter was viciously murdered by a repeat violent offender, and former assemblyman Bill Jones, author of the original "three strikes" bill in the legislature and the current secretary of state—recognized that in order for lengthy prison sentences to be effective in reducing repeat felonies, application of the law had to be mandatory. They argued that the certainty of a life sentence would deter some violent offenders and, in the case of undeterred felons, guarantee against recidivism by taking them off the street. For the system to work, prosecutors and judges had to be prevented from plea bargaining and judges had to be denied the discretion to unilaterally reduce mandatory sentences in the amorphous "interest of justice"—a power judges generally possess absent a specific legislative prohibition. The prospect of prisoners "cutting deals" or soft-pedaling sympathetic judges would seriously undercut "three strikes." Indeed, during the 1994 initiative campaign, Reynolds's successful stump speeches in favor of the initiative specifically touted the bars on plea bargaining and light sentencing.

"THREE strikes" backers also recognized, of course, that there were going to be cases where a 25-years-to-life prison sentence for a three-time offender would be inappropriate. To deal with these, the law was drafted to empower prosecutors to move the court to dismiss "three strikes" allegations "in furtherance of justice"—in other words, when the punishment would be unjust.

This power to dismiss, however, was intentionally vested not in the judge, but in the prosecutor. Implicit in this was an acknowledgment that California judges, who only nominally stand for periodic re-election, are too often enthralled with the liberal paradigm equating "judicial independence" and "fairness" with leniency to criminals. (According to this same paradigm, of course, criminals are assumed to be victims of society). Prosecutors, on the other hand, are elected officials whose principal interest is ensuring public safety. Unlike most judges, if a district attorney lets violent felons out of prison without strong justification—or, for that matter, if he overzealously sends up petty criminals for life—he will pay at election time.

Needless to say, most judges resented their sentencing discretion being curtailed in this way and, to some extent, even transferred to prosecutors. The stage was set for a constitutional showdown which, ironically, would be decided by members of the aggrieved party itself: California judges.

The facts giving rise to *Romero* are particularly telling. Jesus Romero, a 34-year-old "four-time loser" previously convicted of residential burglary, attempted residential burglary, commercial burglary, and possession of a controlled substance, was arrested and charged with posses-

(Continues on page West-4)

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WEST WORLD

■ Do you remember the claims made by the Attorney General and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, upon the latter's arrest of 12 members of the "Vipers" militia in Phoenix? Their story was that these militiamen—including a former Libertarian Party state senate candidate—were fixing to blow up several Phoenix buildings as part of a widespread effort to wage war against the U.S. government. How widespread? At least 11 other Viper-like groups were said to be operating in Arizona. And of course, as the media kept repeating ad nauseam, in the words of the *Los Angeles Times*, Arizona is "particularly congenial to such groups because of its permissive gun laws." (Get it? Guns don't kill people. Permissive gun laws kill people.) But now, as had occurred with the previous media story du jour—black-church burnings—holes are starting to appear in the initial account: a U.S. District Court judge has freed six of the 12 arrested Viper members, declaring that they do not constitute a threat to the community. There seems to be no basis for any charge of a conspiratorial plot to blow up buildings. (Indeed, it appears the undercover agent who infiltrated the Vipers urged them to rob banks, and they refused.) What is left are six people facing illegal gun and explosives charges. Needless to say, there have been no official statements or press conferences to correct the record.

■ Meanwhile a nine-block area of downtown Seattle was evacuated when a beat-up white truck with the word "bomb" scrawled on it was left unoccupied near an urban park. The perpetrator turned out to be Jason Sprinkle, a local artist, who called his stunt "public art." His motive was to protest the reopening of a street through the park, which is frequented by "street musicians" and "street people," a/k/a bums. Rumors have it that local law enforcement broke this case just in time to forestall the ATF, which was flying its top dogs into Seattle to announce breaking the back of Sprinkle's terrorist group, the "Gripers." Experts say this is one of at least 12 similar anti-government groups, many of them centered in Washington State, which is particularly congenial to such groups because of its permissive bum laws.

■ It is true that a controversial fundraiser for a group called Stop the Violence/Increase the Peace—controversial because it was held at O. J. Simpson's Brentwood estate—turned out to be mildly successful. It is not true, however, that Mothers Against Drunk Drivers and Mensa are vying to hold similar events at Rodney King's pad.

■ Victories for the doctrine that judges, when adjudicating constitutional law, should consider the "original intent of the framers," are few and far between these days. But chalk one up in Sherman, Texas. The case at issue began in 1992, when the local police chief failed to promote Patrolman Otis Henry to sergeant, on the grounds that Henry was having an affair with a fellow lawman's wife. Brimming over with the spirit of our times, Patrolman Henry sued the city, claiming a constitutional right to commit adultery based on his constitutional right to privacy. The district and appellate courts supported his novel claims. But now their decisions have been overruled, and Henry's liberationist lifestyle dealt a serious blow, by Texas's Supreme Court. Writing for the majority in what will have to go down as a classic exposition of "original intent" jurisprudence, Justice Greg Abbott reasoned that, "While the Constitution's framers may have been willing to die for the right of free expression . . . there is no indication they were willing to make any sacrifice for the right to commit adultery." Notably the two female justices on the court, while they could not find their way to embracing a right to adultery, thought their colleagues had gone too far in "shriveling" the privacy right and wrote a separate opinion. After all, the reasoning of the majority could be applied to abortion as well as adultery. Regardless, the Henry case shows how far we've come—and how far we have to return.

■ The Democrats must be slipping. They neglected to blame the recent massive rockslide in Yosemite on Republican environmental policy.

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■ Massive billows of smoke in California, Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, and Utah turned out to be wildfires covering 16,000 acres, and not Bob Dole leading smokers'-rights rallies, as at first thought.

■ Arizona is suffering its worst drought in ninety years. Bill Clinton considered going there, lifting his arms to the Heavens, and causing rain to fall, but he decided there aren't enough electoral votes in the state.

■ As reported well by Mike Antonucci in the July issue of *Inside California*, the Fourth California Court of Appeal has ruled unanimously against the California Teachers Association, and in favor of the San Diego Unified School District. The latter had forbidden teachers from classroom political activism—including wearing political buttons and handing out political literature—three years ago during the campaign for a school-voucher initiative. The teachers took the district to court. In the decision, Judge Patricia Benke cited the "influence and power" teachers have over students, as well as the fact that public-school teachers act with the "imprimatur" of the state. Somehow we think sneaky liberal teachers will work around this decision. But it's a step.

■ Pornographic video directors, actors, and actresses recently descended on the California legislature to oppose increased regulation of "adult entertainment." Their arguments did not appear to be well thought out. A video-magazine publisher attempted to exaggerate the strength of his special-interest constituency by proclaiming that "more adult videotapes are rented than votes are cast in general elections." (Assuming he meant rentals per year, the fact that outside of Chicago and Duval County, Texas, most Americans only vote once, whereas most porn-video aficionados probably rent them in droves, renders his point stupid.) And one of the "erotic actress-models" suggested that porn videos are "no different than Hamburger Helper," meaning they are both enjoyed in the privacy of one's home—although we hasten to point out that Hamburger Helper can be enjoyed almost anywhere without causing scandal. We just can't figure out whether it was despite this lame logic or because of it that the "erotic actress-model" was more successful than others in meeting personally with legislators, rather than being shuffled off to meet with staff.

■ One problem with multiculturalist rhetoric about "Asian culture" or "Hispanic culture" or "Native American culture" is that these have never existed. Each category encompasses many different peoples, some of whom have a history of killing each other. This fact was brought home recently to developer Frank Jao, whose company owns two shopping centers, Asian Garden Mall and Asian Village, in Westminster, California. Jao's attempt to build a five-hundred-foot-long ornamental bridge to connect these centers—as well as to serve as a welcome sign and entrance to Westminster's Little Saigon area—has run into heated opposition from the Vietnamese residents. They say that the design of the bridge is too Chinese, and that it would only serve to remind them daily of Vietnam's past subjugation by China. Mai Cong, head of an organization called Vietnamese Community of Orange County, Inc., has attacked Jao and his fellow developers for "inciting ethnic strife and divisiveness with their provocations." Jao, an ethnic Chinese who was born in Vietnam, accuses his Vietnamese critics of stoking emotions with the race issue. The Westminster Planning Commission put the matter on hold for thirty days, and its chairwoman, Jo Porter, urged the parties to "get united." But even the old American melting pot, before it fell into disrepair and—at least among multiculturalists—disrepute, used to take longer than a month.

■ In neighboring Anaheim, a new theme park next to the original Disneyland will celebrate California themes such as Hollywood. We can hardly wait to try out Drive-by Shooting Land and Riot Land.

■ Vice President Gore recently made a foray into Southern California to speak to an entertainment industry conference, taking the opportunity to oppose "violent programming." He seems to be especially offended at having seen kids "hacking each other" after watching the *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers*. But didn't Gore grow up with a Yancy Derringer cap-gun belt and other toy instruments of death? Isn't the anger he feels about the increase in juvenile crime just a little misplaced? And what about what is really different about entertainment today as opposed to when Gore was young—namely the casual sex and the general disregard for traditional morality? Or *was* the Vice President ever young? You have to admit, it's hard to picture.

■ "He loves this woman and she loves him, but they aren't allowed to have any romance." Thus whined Leslie Abramson, former attorney of Erik Menendez, when Superior Court Judge John Reid prevented his colleague Judge Nancy Brown from performing a wedding ceremony involving Lyle Menendez a day before the brothers were sentenced to life in prison. Miss Abramson says she can't "tolerate any more cruelty" to Erik and Lyle. And in arguing that they should be sent to the same prison she insisted that they would make a positive contribution wherever they happen to be sent. We can't imagine such a place. Well, maybe the White House Security Office.

■ Bob Dole will ride from Oakland to the San Diego GOP convention on a train dubbed the *Victory Express*. Apparently an attempt will be made to tie "Butt Man" to the tracks somewhere along the line.

■ Jay Leno dispelled any worries that Mr. Dole is too old to win: "Harry Morgan has proved that you're never too old to beat anyone."

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SWEENEY
(Continued from page West-1)

sion of 0.13 grams of cocaine base, popularly referred to as "crack." Because of his 1984 and 1986 burglary convictions—defined as "serious felonies" under California law—he was eligible for application of "three strikes." A conviction in this trial, therefore, would mean a mandatory 25-years-to-life sentence.

During a pre-trial hearing, San Diego Superior Court Judge William Mudd told Romero's attorney that if Romero pled guilty, he would dismiss the "three strikes" allegation on his own authority. The prosecutor strenuously objected to this deal, which seemed clearly in violation of "three strikes." For his part, Mudd complained that "[three strikes]

NO SUCH THING AS A FREE STRIKE

The Costs of *Romero*

ONE of the favorite arguments used by those who oppose tough sentencing laws such as "three strikes" is that the increased number of prisons needed would cost too much money. Aside from the irony that that most of those using this argument are liberals who could care less about the cost of government programs, the fact is that sending career criminals to prison for long periods of time saves taxpayers and society a lot of money, not to mention a great deal of grief.

Consider, for example, Ronald Morris. Morris is a multi-repeat offender whose criminal career has spanned two decades. His first felony offense was the attempted armed robbery of a gas station, in the course of which he also threatened to kill the station attendant. He was next convicted of felony robbery with bodily injury and felony burglary, when he beat a woman and stole her purse. After being paroled, he was arrested again for burglary. Next he was convicted of being a felon in possession of a gun. Once again after being paroled, Morris was arrested and convicted for felony auto theft. Most recently he was convicted of felony burglary when he conspired with his girlfriend to steal thousands of dollars worth of computer equipment from high-tech firms in northern California.

In the opinion of David Tompkins, the head of the Santa Clara County District Attorney's Career Criminals Unit, "Morris is a career criminal and a one-man crime spree. If the courts keep putting him out on the streets, eventually an innocent person is going to be killed." Yet that is exactly what Judge Ledoris Kordell decided to do after Morris's conviction on the computer burglary charge. Using the newly minted discretion awarded to judges in the *Romero* decision [see "Foul Ball" above], Judge Kordell ruled that despite Morris's six felony convictions and four prison priors, he should be treated as only a second-striker because his most recent felony offense was "de minimis." Unfortunately, the cost to society of letting criminals like Ronald Morris walk the streets is by no means "de minimis."

In a survey of 223 three-strike offenders, the *Sacramento Bee* found that 84 per cent had been convicted of at least one violent crime. In all, the newspaper found that these three-strikers' convictions included 17 homicides, seven attempted homicides, 81 sexual assaults and child molestations, 322 robberies, and 262 burglaries. And, of course, this does not include all the crimes committed by these individuals that went undetected by police. The *Bee* concluded that, "If the past is a prologue, then the ["three strikes"] statute is removing hundreds of offenders who most predictably would commit more felonies if they weren't in prison." This commonsense observation is borne out by a RAND Corporation study that found that California's "three strikes" law would reduce the number of crimes in the state by 388,000 per year simply by incapacitating criminals who would otherwise commit crimes at high rates (i.e., this figure doesn't include deterrent effects).

"Hello, I recognize you from your vacation pictures."

Given this reality, what can we say about the cost-benefit of "three strikes"? Earlier this year, Governor Wilson's office came out with an estimate of its dollar impact. Basing social-cost savings on the conservative assumption that the average criminal commits 12 crimes per year and that the average crime costs society $9,929—including the costs of operating the criminal justice system, medical costs to victims, property loss, etc.—this estimate was that "three strikes" had resulted in $160 million in annual social-cost savings, compared with $41 million in annual costs to process and incarcerate the first 1,342 convicted three-strike offenders. Net annual savings: $119 million.

THIS ratio is in the ballpark with other estimates put forward by researchers. For example, John DiIulio and Anne Morrison Piehl of the Brookings Institution found that the median cost-benefit ratio of incarcerating criminals is 1 to 2.8; in other words, every dollar spent on incarceration saves $2.80 in social costs.

Thus even if some of the worried estimates about the eventual cost of "three strikes" prove accurate, Californians will come out way ahead. For instance, the RAND Corporation says that "three strikes" will end up costing California $5 billion. If true, then the state's law-abiding citizens can look forward to upwards of $14 billion in social-cost savings, for a net savings of $9 billion. Nothing "de minimis" about that.

The "three strikes" law is therefore not only effective and fair, it also makes good economic sense. As Stanislaus County District Attorney Don Staahl has noted, "We're saving a lot of risk for the future, and we're making them pay for the past. That's what 'three strikes' is all about."

—LANCE T. IZUMI

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basically castrates a judge" by awarding sentencing discretion to the prosecutor. In an attempt to recapture the ground taken by the majority of Californians who adopted the statute, Mudd declared that it violated the constitutional doctrine of separation of powers and dismissed the "three strikes" allegation against Romero. Romero's subsequent six-year sentence—a fraction of what he would have gotten under "three strikes"—represented exactly the kind of leniency toward repeat offenders that the voters had intended to stop.

THE San Diego District Attorney appealed the case to the Fourth District Court of Appeal, which reversed Mudd outright, ruling that it was improper for him to dismiss the "three strikes" allegation without the prosecutor having moved him to do so. Romero himself then appealed this reversal to the California Supreme Court.

The *Romero* case was clearly of landmark importance, not only because it involved a popular law, but because it represented a direct challenge to judicial power. And perhaps predictably, in a Byzantine 44-page opinion, Justice Kathryn Mickle Werdegar—writing for six of California's seven Supreme Court justices—upheld Judge Mudd's circumvention of "three strikes," arguing that the "three strikes" statute lacks any clear indication that the people intended to eliminate judicial sentencing discretion altogether. Although legally defensible, Werdegar's implausible analysis is strained and smacks of "result-oriented" reasoning.

The *Romero* decision is most remarkable for its lengthy and tortured discussion of the separation of powers. On first reading this discussion might seem strange, because it was unnecessary to the disposition of the case. Werdegar sets forth a veritable manifesto on the constitutional extent of judicial prerogatives, almost as if to fire a warning shot across the bow of future legislatures and initiative authors. Curiously, Justice Ming Chin, in a separate opinion that concurred only in the statutory analysis, went to considerable lengths to disassociate himself from this gratuitous diatribe, chastising his colleagues for rendering "an advisory opinion on a statute that does not exist." Reading between the lines, the majority's message was unmistakable: don't mess with our turf.

Liberals praised *Romero* as a reassertion of "judicial independence." This is not surprising: increasingly unable to win electoral support for their policies, they have grown accustomed to getting their way via "independent" (read: unelected) courts. "Three strikes" set a precedent that threatened this arrangement, and there was a nearly audible sigh of liberal relief that the judiciary was fighting back. But the battle is far from over.

Faced with a return to the pre-1994 status quo, with judges having carte blanche to engage in plea bargains and deal light sentences to repeat violent felons, a broad coalition of prosecutors, law enforcement groups, conservative organizations, crime victims, and other interested citizens urged a legislative response to *Romero*. Insiders knew this wouldn't be easy: for almost two years, liberals and conservatives in the legislature have been battling to a draw over "three strikes." Senate liberals have introduced and amended bill after bill attempting to exempt various crimes from the "three strikes" statute. Conservatives in the Assembly have thwarted these efforts. Regardless, almost immediately after the *Romero* decision was handed down, Assembly Speaker Curt Pringle and Senate Minority Leader Rob Hurtt enlisted a coalition including Mike Reynolds, Bill Jones, Governor Wilson, Attorney General Lungren, crime-victims groups and the California District Attorneys Association, to draft and introduce a response.

The product of this effort, Senate Bill 331, passed out of the Assembly with an overwhelming bipartisan vote on July 11. It fared less well in the Senate, where President Pro Tempore Bill Lockyer castigated efforts to revive the original intent of "three strikes" as a waste of taxpayer money directed at imposing life imprisonment on petty criminals. On July 16, Lockyer's allies killed the bill in the Senate Criminal Procedure Committee, where it got only one vote, from the committee's only Republican member.

The "three strikes" controversy will now be thrown into the mix of issues to be considered by California voters in November. Given the immense popularity of the "three strikes" concept, conservatives in the state believe it will redound to their benefit. Assuming a reconstituted legislature can then pass a new and improved "three strikes" law, the focus will return to the testy relations between the judicial and the other two branches of government.

IN light of the "attitude" reflected in Justice Werdegar's written decision in *Romero*—and of accusations of "judge bashing" hurled at "three strikes" advocates by judges' groups at the recent Senate hearing—members of the judiciary would be well advised to recall their relatively precarious position in our constitutional system. Unlike the legislature, which is empowered by its ability to make law, and the executive, which controls the means of legal enforcement, the authority of the judiciary is entirely dependent on its maintaining the respect of the people. The overwhelming support for "three strikes" in 1994, and its continuing popularity today, bodes ill for the judiciary's chances in a turf war. □

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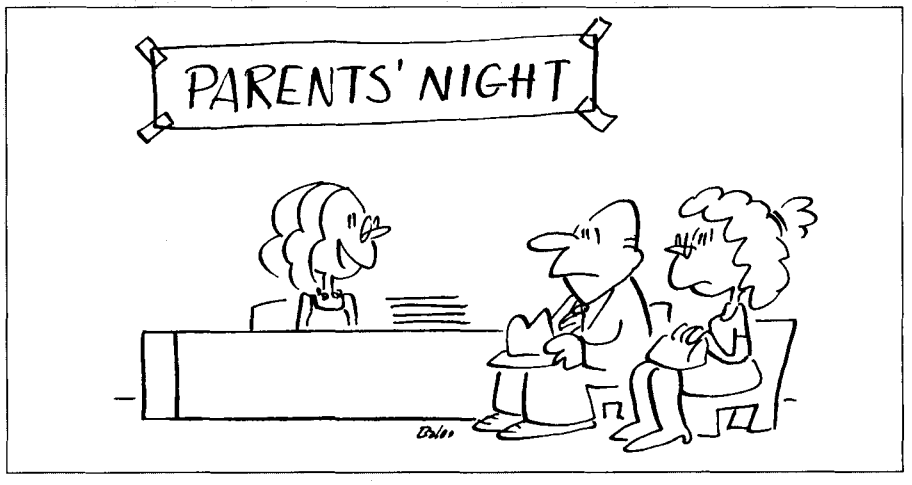

"Actually, we don't teach them math anymore—it's too hard on their self-esteem."

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DISCRIMINATION AT BERKELEY

It Lives!

MICHAEL LYNCH

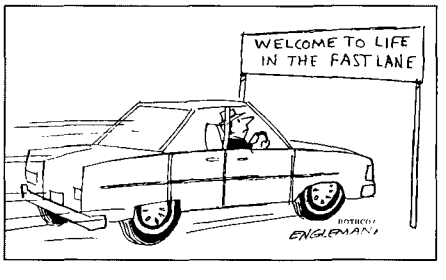
ON March 18, the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeal rocked the education establishment with its decision in *Cheryl Hopwood* v. *State of Texas*. It found the University of Texas Law School guilty of discrimination for maintaining different admission standards according to race. More important, it called into question the justification for race discrimination that was set forth in the 1978 Supreme Court decision in *Regents of the University of California* v. *Bakke*: race could be used as one of many factors in determining admissions, according to Justice Lewis Powell, if the purpose was to ensure "diversity." The *Hopwood* court ruled that Powell's opinion "is not binding precedent," declaring that "within the general principles of the Fourteenth Amendment, the use of race in admissions for diversity in higher education contradicts, rather than furthers, the aims of equal protection."

Three days after *Hopwood*, the U.S. Department of Education Office of Civil Rights (OCR) released the findings of a seven-year investigation into admission practices at the University of California, Berkeley (UCB). In a 15-page Letter of Finding, OCR concluded that "UCB does not maintain illegal quotas for Black, Hispanic, and Filipino applicants to the freshman class in the College of [Letters and Sciences]." This investigation stemmed from a 1989 complaint by Arthur Hu, who accused the UC system—primarily UCB and UCLA—of using differential admission standards to maintain quotas, based on the racial and ethnic breakdown of high-school graduates. (On these practices in the UC system, see my "End of an Era?" in *NR West*, Sept. 11, 1995.)

OCR's findings were released in a politically charged atmosphere: the California Civil Rights Initiative (CCRI), on the ballot in November, seeks to end all race-based state policies. Anti-CCRI forces were ecstatic. The *Los Angeles Times* declared in a front-page headline: "Probe Finds No Bias in Berkeley Admissions: Policies do not discriminate against whites or cause lower academic quality, U.S. agency says." Berkeley sociologist Jerome Karabel, a chief architect of the university's admission system, called OCR's findings "an historical vindication of one of the strongest and most scrutinized affirmative-action programs in the country," and a "striking counterpoint to [the *Hopwood* decision]." In fact, the findings were neither.

OCR is charged with ensuring that colleges and universities that take federal money do not discriminate, by enforcing Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. It interprets the latter, in its Letter of Finding, as meaning that these schools may not "treat an individual differently from others" based on "race, color, or national origin"—but also that they may "take affirmative action to overcome the effects of conditions which resulted in limiting participation by persons of a particular race, color, or national origin." Glossing over the contradiction, OCR sacrificed the former standard for the latter. And it strained credulity in concluding that UCB does not, "on the ground of race, color, or national origin treat an individual differently from others in determining whether he satisfied an admission . . . requirement."

Applicants to UCB are placed in a complex matrix based on two factors: an "Academic Index Score" and a "Social Diversity Score." In 1993, roughly 50 per cent of applicants were admitted according to the former. The remainder were selected—26 per cent automatically based on a combination of both scores, 21 per cent based on the reading of files, and 3 per cent based on "special admittance"—all according to criteria including race.



According to the *Times*, OCR's investigation involved "reams of documents provided by university officials." But its Letter of Finding contains surprisingly little data. I have filed a Freedom of Information Act request with OCR and a California Public Records Act request with UCB to obtain this data. Without it, the actual extent to which race is a factor in admissions cannot be evaluated. But judging from what *is* supplied in the findings, race is clearly important.

FOR instance, white and Asian Californians are placed in the seventh lowest Social Diversity ranking, above only out-of-state whites and Asians and foreign applicants. African Americans, Chicanos, or Latinos from anywhere in the U.S. will be automatically admitted with significantly lower academic qualifications; California residents who are American Indians, African Americans, or Chicanos within certain categories are automatically granted admission, regardless of socioeconomic status, with radically lower academic scores.

Also, although OCR calls race only one of the "supplemental [non-academic] factors" that are taken into account, in most cases it is the most important factor. Based on the matrix, a computer admitted nearly three of four Berkeley freshmen in 1993. Only 25 per cent had their files reviewed. The university, then, does not even avail itself of information about other non-academic factors—e.g., "special talents, interests or experiences . . . that demonstrate unusual promise for leadership, achievement or service in a particular field"—in the great majority of cases.

Under the standard of the *Hopwood* decision (which for now applies only in the Fifth Circuit), UC's admission policies would no doubt be unconstitutional. Again, we will not know how large a role race plays until OCR releases its data. But at least for now, Californians can be assured that race-based admissions are alive and well. □

Mr. Lynch, a public policy fellow at the Pacific Research Institute, is the author of a recent Claremont Institute analysis of UC Berkeley admission policies.

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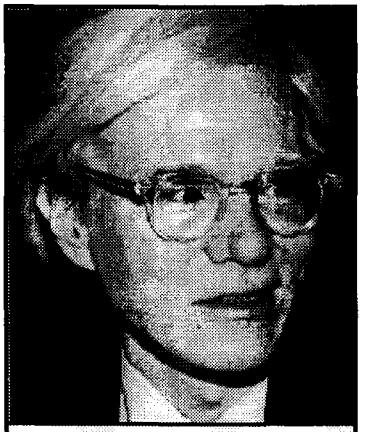
WHO HAD THE BETTER ESTATE PLAN...
Andy Warhol or Conrad Hilton?



ANDY WARHOL

CONRAD HILTON

Gross Estate	$ 297,909,396	$ 199,070,700
Total Taxes & Costs	6,858,202	105,782,217
Net Estate	$ 291,051,194	$ 93,288,483

Most people would think that counter-cultural icon, Andy Warhol, would have been a bit flaky in his estate planning when compared to business tycoon Conrad Hilton. They would be wrong, at least from the standpoint of avoiding federal estate taxes. Because Mr. Hilton failed to leave as much of his wealth to charitable bequests as did Mr. Warhol, the federal government simply took it when he died. Mr. Hilton paid over $100 million in federal estate taxes, while Mr. Warhol paid a little over $1 million on a much larger estate. How? Mr. Warhol left his property to further his charitable interests and was able to help better the causes in which he believed. Actually, with the addition of some simple charitable trust mechanisms, most of us could leave much more to our heirs *and* to our favorite charities. Simply by planning your charitable gifts, you can reduce your income tax, or, in some cases, completely eliminate income tax, capital gains tax, estate tax, generation skipping taxes, and the gift tax. In any case, without a will, all of your property will be distributed by the state in the manner in which it deems important.

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Biasless in Seattle

CHARGES of media bias and subsequent media denials always grow in frequency during presidential-election years. In sorting this out, it's often helpful to look into what gets covered and what doesn't by your local or regional newspapers. We've been looking at coverage this year in the Seattle area, with particular attention to environmental affairs. And with interesting results.

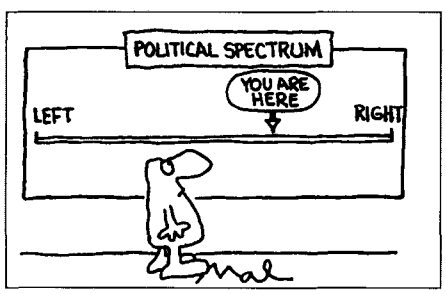
The Sierra Club's on-line newsletter, *News From All Over*, actually offered kudos to the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* for an April piece about the club's radio ads targeting U.S. Reps. Rick White and Randy Tate. The Sierrans crowed that the article "couldn't have been more bruising to our targets." Its author was none other than the *Post-Intelligencer*'s national correspondent, Joel Connelly, who is a longtime megaphone for environmentalists and a former contributor to the Sierra Club magazine.

Another on-line discovery suggests that environmentalists down in Portland are having a somewhat tougher time getting the press to carry their water. Earlier this year, a flurry of Internet complaints were lodged against the *Oregonian*. Complainants were angry that the paper had failed to cover several anti-logging demonstrations. One quoted the *Oregonian*'s environmental reporter, Peter Sleeth, as saying: "Every time you turn around, there's another protest—it's not news anymore."

This hasn't yet occurred to Seattle-area editors. Shortly after the *Journal American* saw fit to cover the arrest of twenty-seven people at a logging protest in Detroit, Oregon, in late April, the *Post-Intelligencer* spotlighted an *anticipated* protest near Granite Falls. The latter piece not only described the training sessions being held for those planning to be arrested, but provided a map showing would-be civil disobedients the way.

One of the environmentalists' latest public-relations strategies is to turn protests into "performance art," as Greenpeace did in early May, staging a skit in front of the state Capitol with actors portraying U.S. Senators Slade Gorton and Patty Murray in a symbolic bed together with Seattle's factory trawler industry. The *Post-Intelligencer* dutifully ran the story the next day, entitled "Politics makes fishy bedfellows." The story itself, by Washington correspondent Christopher Hanson, was fairly balanced. But its front-page placement—complete with color photograph—was absurd.

On the other hand, a story the papers were quite slow to pick up on was that of former Governor Dan Evans's and mountaineering icon Jim Whittaker's disputes with the Jefferson County Board of Commissioners. Evans and Whittaker, both supporters of Washington's pro-regulatory Growth Management Act, have requested—and been denied—administrative variances to short-plat parcels of land they own in the county. Evans argued in a letter to the commissioners: "If we are now unable to divide the property, it makes my interest in the land virtually worthless. . . . Waterfront is a scarce commodity, and people ought to have a reasonable opportunity to enjoy this unique asset. . . . A new proposed 10-acre minimum will mean that only millionaires will be able to afford access to the water, and I can't believe that Jefferson County would accept that as government policy." Credit goes to the *Port Townsend Leader* for early coverage of this clash between Evans's and Whittaker's environmental principles and their personal rights and interests. The *Post-Intelligencer* came to the story late and didn't linger.



We publicly suggested two other stories to Washington state newspapers nearly two months ago. One concerned the arrest of Paula Swedeen for protesting the Rocky Brook timber sale in Jefferson County. What makes this arrest newsworthy? Swedeen is one of the "objective scientists" advising Washington State's Department of Natural Resources. Indeed, she was a principal author of DNR's Habitat Conservation Plan. Astonishingly, DNR chief Jennifer Belcher defended Swedeen's apparent conflict of interest, saying that "people who feel strongly enough to get arrested are usually highly principled people—and their work usually reflects that." But except for the *Bremerton Sun*, which ran a signed editorial criticizing Swedeen, the press showed little interest.

LIKEWISE a story about the Skamania Lodge, which was built with public subsidies to help diversify Skamania County's economy after its timber industry collapsed under an environmentalist onslaught. One of the Lodge's first major bookings in 1993 was the Northwest Forestry Association, which has returned annually ever since. But NFA's conferences have also attracted a few dozen Earth First!-type protesters. Last year, they rock-salted golf greens, defaced buildings, destroyed signs, set off stink bombs, and vandalized guest vehicles. Because of the negative publicity—and thousands of dollars in damages—lodge officials this year informed NFA president Jim Geisinger that his group was no longer welcome. *The Oregonian* ran a strong editorial chiding the officials' decision, and *Seattle Weekly* carried an item on the matter. Otherwise it didn't interest the watchdog media—despite the human-interest bonus that Mr. Geisinger was on the Unabomber's hit list!

Here are a couple of protest stories—unlike Greenpeace's manipulative stunt on the Capitol steps—that were worth some hard-hitting investigative journalism in the time-honored American tradition. The Seattle media need more conservative names in their Rolodexes.

—MARIANA PARKS & JOHN HAMER

Mrs. Parks and Mr. Hamer edit CounterPoint, *a media-critique newsletter of the Washington Institute for Policy Studies, and contribute to* Eastsideweek, *in which a version of this article originally appeared.*

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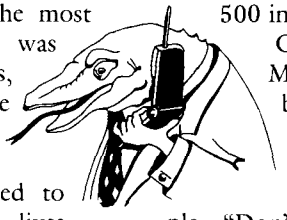
GEKKO

YOU may have heard about some, ahem, volatility in stock prices in the first part of July. It was sort of like riding a roller coaster that was running at double speed. The most educational day, of course, was Tuesday, July 16. For my sins, I happened to be spending the day at a brokerage house. The people weren't visibly panicked—they just whispered to themselves as their whole lives passed before their eyes.



As you might recall, right around lunchtime, the free fall in the major averages, particularly the Dow and the S&P 500, suddenly turned into a violent updraft, as if the biggest checkbook in the world had just been handed to a drunken sailor. The "market," that is to say the Dow and the S&P, wound up just a little up for the day after a three-digit round trip.

For a couple of years now, I've been hearing tales of intervention by central banks, in particular, the Federal Reserve market, outside their traditional purview. Even, possibly, their legislated mission. Gold-market experts such as Frank Veneroso have been pointing to central banks, including the Fed, as likely suspects in the recent gold-market weakness. Now that has become a staple of world gold-market chatter.

Gold is a monetary metal, though, and it could be plausibly argued that central banks, including the Fed, have a legitimate function in "maintaining an orderly market." An orderly gold market from the Fed point of view, it would seem, is a declining one that maintains faith in major currencies.

But if the Fed or some instrumentality of the Fed were intervening to prop up equity markets, that would be an interesting use of taxpayers' money. Yes, I know the Fed is not directly owned by the taxpayers, but it is taxed by the government at a confiscatory rate, so there is a distinction without a difference.

What was interesting about the Tuesday reversal in the market was the suddenness with which the S&P futures index, which was "lock limit down" at the maximum possible loss for the day, went to a premium over the cash market, or the price of the actual basket of shares that is represented in the S&P 500 index.

Could that have been some Mississippi riverboat gambler of a professional trader? Not likely. The phrases one hears with tedious regularity from these people—"Don't try to catch a falling piano," "The trend is your friend," etc.—suggest that they are the sort of people who get on speeding trains rather than lie down in front of them. The talk—I emphasize that for now it's just talk—is that the Fed intervenes in the S&P futures market through a special account at Goldman Sachs.

Now if you were a typical Fedling, you might believe such intervention was justified "to maintain an orderly market." Just such a view was propounded by Robert Heller, a former Fed governor, in a speech in San Francisco in 1989. And it is true that stock-market crashes are not orderly. But they probably are necessary to wash out excesses. Let's say for the sake of argument that, many of the times that the S&P futures have hit their lock limit down, the Fed or a Fed instrumentality has bid up the market. Then lots of people, such as mutual-fund investors, might have gotten an unrealistic view of how risky the equity markets really are.

"Depending on how the Securities and Exchange Commission views the idea, I might want you to take the credit."

In other words, the Fed may have helped inflate the bubble of the last few years. With the best of intentions, of course. Government people always have the best of intentions.

■ My ambulance-chasing friends on the edge of the emerging markets are dusting off their Turkish card files even as they check to make sure their sell orders on Russian debt were executed. Few life-insurance salesmen are calling on Boris Yeltsin these days, of course. But there has been a spate of articles congratulating Western leaders for their foresight in backing Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin, Yeltsin's supposed successor. Interestingly, informed people who have been betting their own money on Russia's future are taking it off the table. As one of them says, "I wouldn't be too sure that someone like General Lebed won't plant a bullet right between those bushy eyebrows of Chernomyrdin's. He's got a lot of friends in Washington. Not so many in Russia, outside the mafia and the oil and gas generals."

The new speculative playground may well be Turkey. It's a disaster. The Turkish state is spending over half its revenues on interest payments. An anti-"usury" Islamic party now has partial control over the previously secular government. And nobody knows what civilian nonsense will be tolerated by the large, irritable army. Turkey is big—sixty million people—and, Islamic government or not, cannot permanently walk away from Western credit markets. The price spreads among Turkish debt issues are bound to widen, depending on how the volatile politics work out. In other words, an iron-nerved speculator's paradise.

■ A couple of months ago, I suggested buying a basket of South African gold stocks and selling an offsetting basket or index of North American stocks. Well, it worked, and the South African golds did outperform. I'd unwind that trade now. I'm giving some thought to the next interesting gold-market trade.

■ Go long the short end of Sweden's massive government-debt market. It's one of the fastest-improving stories in international fixed income.

—JOHN DIZARD

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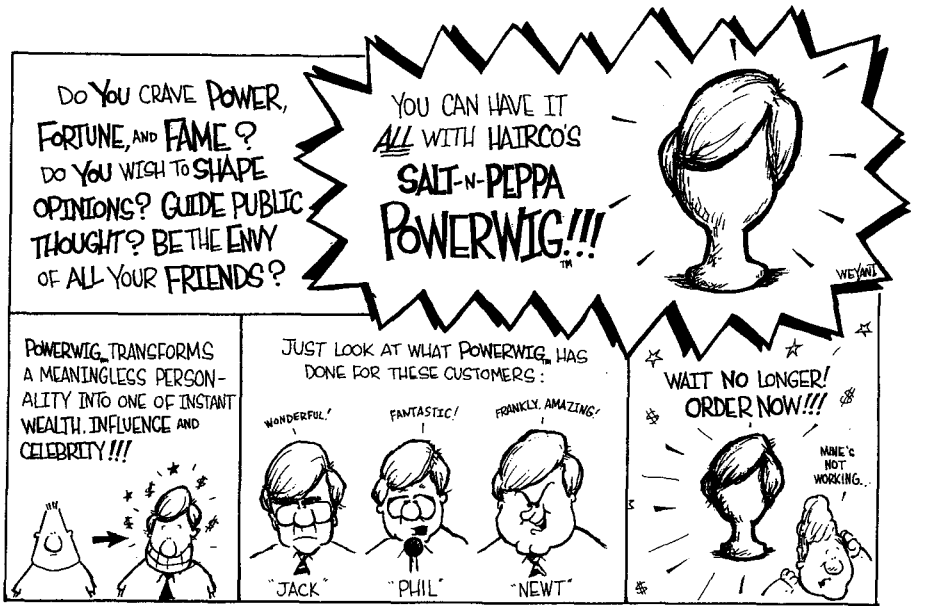
A Parfit Knight

Orrin Hatch, who treats each guest
As if he were on a quest,
Tapping at portcullis gates
With a diffidence that grates,
Bugs Bill Clinton in the keep
While the Mrs., losing sleep
In her tower, doesn't dare
Let him shinny up her hair.

—W. H. von Dreele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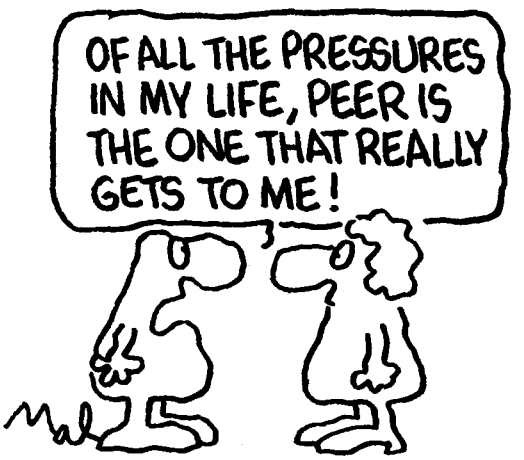

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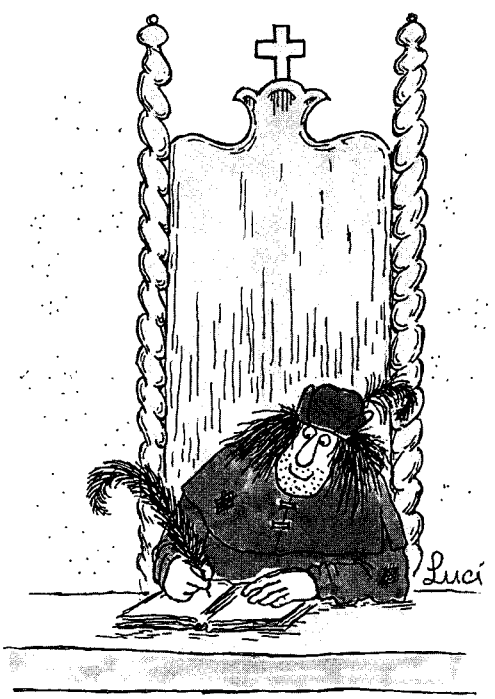
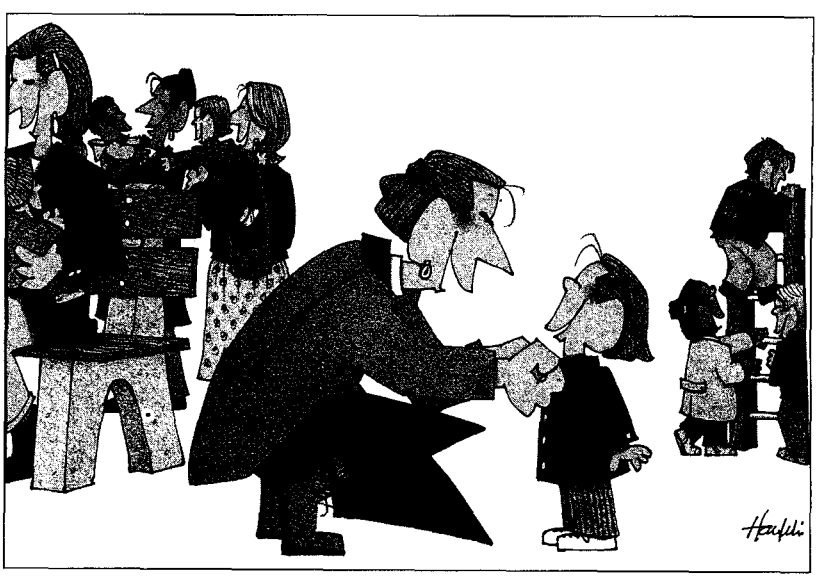


"Dear Diary: Today I traded my horse for a kingdom!"



"And don't be a snob. Befriending children less attractive than yourself speaks highly of your own character."

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GUV'NER LAMM'S A FINE MAN - BUT JUST SAY THE WORD AN' I'LL JUMP HIGHER'N A HORNY TOAD ON A HOT SKILLET...
HERE FER TH' ASKIN'.... GIMME A RING...
SEVEN NUMBERS... SIMPLE ENOUGH... DIAL 'EM...
THIS DERN THING PLUGGED IN...?
WOTHANDELSMAN

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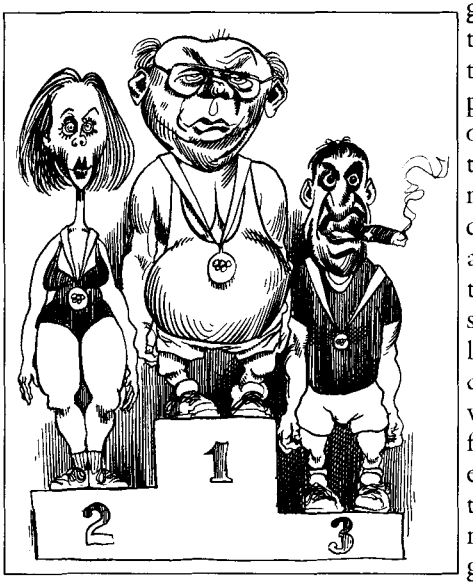
THINKING ABOUT THE UNTHINKABLE

Great Black Hopes

Black athletes triumph by toiling intensely at those games where they tend to enjoy not just cultural, but also physical and mental edges over whites. This suggests a new, pragmatic view of racial differences.

STEVE SAILER

AS THE competitors in the Olympics grow ever more representative of the entire globe, the more obvious becomes the kaleidoscopic variety of the human race's gene pool. Back in the *Chariots of Fire* days, when entry was largely restricted to genteel North Atlantic amateurs, the games chiefly showcased the most gifted white males. Today, though, by inviting pros from 197 countries, the Olympics spotlight differences not only among individuals, but among ethnic groups. The Summer Games are now the world's festival of genetic diversity.



Consider running, the cheapest, most universal sport. In Atlanta, Kenyan, Ethiopian, and other elegantly slender East African men are again excelling in running races from 800 to 10,000 meters. In contrast, explosively muscular men of West African descent like America's Michael Johnson are once more dominating the sprints and hurdles from 100 to 400 meters.

These heroic performances by blacks will come as no surprise to American sports fans. Fifty years after Jackie Robinson integrated baseball, it is now clear that equality of opportunity in America's top team sports has led not to equality of results but to black supremacy. For example, a random American black is currently about 10 times more likely to reach the National Football League and 25 times more likely to reach the National Basketball Association than a random non-black.

Mentioning these tremendous accomplishments, however, inspires unease among white intellectuals. Writers and editors try to block sports fans from noticing black pre-eminence since it disproves the dogma that all ethnic groups are equal in all ways. If told the truth, they fear fans might conclude that if blacks are stronger on average physically, then they could be weaker on average mentally. As well intentioned as this journalistic cover-up may be, it suffers one shortcoming: it doesn't work. Fans don't have to read about black superiority; they see it for themselves round the clock on TV sports channels, and discuss it endlessly in sports bars. The taboo certainly doesn't slow down those whites who want to conclude that since blacks are faster, then whites must be smarter, end of story. The good news is that there's more to the story. The bad news is that the taboo stops it from getting heard.

That liberals are afraid to look hard at sports and race implies that helping blacks has become less important to them than protecting their own investment in a theory of absolute racial equality that did heroic service in the 1960s but is now running on vapors. Like generals yearning to refight the last war, for 25 years the civil-rights establishment and its army of fellow-travelers in the press have forced the same strategy that once won black legal equality upon the current struggle for black personal fulfillment and economic prosperity. By operationally defining "economic equality" to mean scattering a representative percentage of blacks into every field, affirmative action encourages psychological frustration and economic stagnation among black men.

Why? In the job market, if you are equal, you are just a commodity. How to succeed in business? Find some

Mr. Sailer (steveslr@aol.com) is a Chicago businessman and writer. His "How Jackie Robinson Desegregated America" appeared in the April 8 issue of NR.

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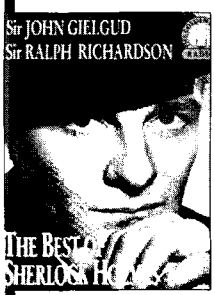

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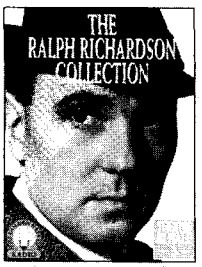

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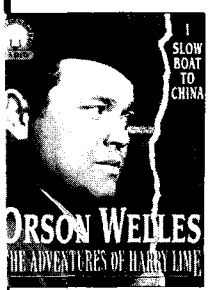

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niche where your talents and connections are not merely mediocre but potentially superior, sweat to fortify these competitive advantages, then monopolize the hell out of them. Immigrant groups thrive because they understand acutely the advantages of specialization (e.g., Asian Indians, the most successful of the recent arrivals, manage about half of America's hotels). In the sports market, where affirmative action hardly exists, blacks grasp this logic equally well. Blacks don't account for 12.4 per cent of NBA players, 12.4 per cent of synchronized swimmers, etc. Instead, blacks concentrate on basketball, football, and track. This narrow focus on those games where they are most apt to possess natural edges also grants them sizable cultural advantages: growing up amidst a critical mass of players, coaches, and aficionados, black youths can conveniently absorb the needed expertise.

By dismissing sports as mere feats of brawn, liberal intellectuals ironically overlook that black sports success reflects mental superiorities

By dogmatically (and defensively) insisting that all racial groups must be equal in all ways, liberal fundamentalism has stymied discussion of just what competitive advantages blacks do tend to possess, and how they could get more mileage out of them in the general job market. By dismissing sports as mere feats of brawn unworthy of intelligent inquiry, liberal intellectuals ironically overlook that black sports success reflects not just physical but, as we shall see, mental superiorities—assets that blacks could exploit in other careers, too. Asking four major questions might encourage a new, more productive way to think about America's present racial impasse.

1. *Are blacks the best athletes?* When sports fans say that blacks are better athletes than whites, they are not saying that Al Sharpton could outskate Wayne Gretzky, that any black can beat any white in any game. Rather, blacks appear to be stronger performers *on average* in basketball and football.

But are basketball and football truer tests of athleticism than, say, surfing, curling, dog-sled mushing, or English Channel swimming (at which walrus-shaped whites stand out)? If the greatest basketball player is the greatest athlete in the world, as so many presume, why has Michael Jordan flopped at baseball and golf?

Clearly, there are many different athletic skills. So how can we possibly claim that one man is a better athlete than another, much less that one race is more athletic than another? This is exactly analogous to a common attack on Richard Herrnstein and Charles Murray's contention in *The Bell Curve* that Asians and whites tend to be smarter than blacks: How can just one number represent all the many kinds of mental talents? In sports, the closest analogy to the IQ test is the decathlon. Olympic decathletes compete in ten track and field events, but against the stopwatch and measuring tape rather than against one another. Their ten tallies are summed, and the overall highest scorer is hyped as the "world's greatest athlete." Similarly, IQ isn't just a single measure, but a sophisticated aggregating of many skills. Of course, any scheme for weighting the components must be somewhat arbitrary. For example, just as black decathletes often excel in sprinting and whites in upper-body-strength events, so Jews and Japanese both tend to score above average on IQ tests, but in opposite manners. Jews often display exceptional verbal logic linked with mediocre visualization skills, and vice versa for Japanese. Who can really say in the abstract how track *v.* field or verbal *v.* visual scores should be weighted? 50–50? 80–20? It all depends on the task at hand.

For example, you can often make more money by perfecting a few skills and finding a role that suits them than by being pretty good at everything. Take slugging first baseman Cecil Fielder, who is "well rounded" only in girth, yet will rake in close to $9 million in 1996, more than any of those versatile decathletes. Tremendous strength compensates for Mr. Fielder's being only slightly more mobile than a mausoleum.

Another unavoidable shortcoming of objective measurements is that so many talents useful in sports or in life are subjective, and thus hard to quantify with a stopwatch or a #2 pencil: e.g., faking out a tackler in football, rousing your platoon in combat, or sweet-talking a customer in business. How could Magic Johnson, with little skill at leaping or jump shooting, lead the Lakers to five titles? More valuable was his supreme faculty for anticipating what the other nine players would do. Or consider Dennis Rodman. Although only 6′8″, he has made himself the greatest rebounder since 7′1″Wilt Chamberlain. Mr. Rodman's edge is in his ability to predict, based partly on rigorous study of the NBA's shooters and partly on a queerly artistic intuition, where a ball just leaving the shooter's fingertips will ultimately bounce.

THE IQ test was invented by a Frenchman, so it's not surprising that it's good at gauging what the French value most: impersonal reasoning in a formal setting. It's worth remembering, though, that since Josephine Baker, Parisians have been importing black American artists to dazzle them with that improvisatory creativity at which the French seem so hopeless.

So, just as the decathlon is a valiant but hardly conclusive effort to rank athletes, the use of IQ to rank thinkers, while certainly handy, has significant limits: talents differ in importance depending on the situation, and standardized objective tests can't measure crucial subjective skills. However, most *Bell Curve* detractors can't take much comfort from this critique, because this logic also undermines their own core tenet that the races must be absolutely identical. You see, the more skills there really are, the less plausible it is that all groups possess exactly equal potential on all these dimensions. And that implies that the destructive debate among white supremacists, liberals, and Afrocentrists about whether in some ill-defined overall sense blacks are empirically inferior, equal, or superior

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to whites is as meaningless as arguing over whether the sky is equal to the sea. We should view every man as morally equal in the eyes of God and the law; but in terms of actual skills, the only truthful summation must be that each person and each group tend to have many relative strengths and weaknesses.

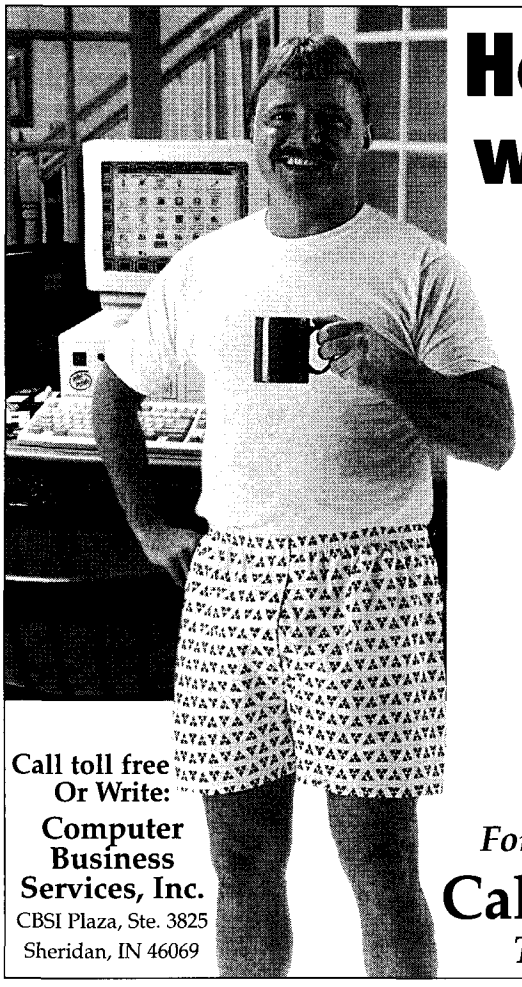
Does this more realistic world view endanger America's core belief that "all men are created equal"? More likely, by lashing Jefferson's sacred moral faith to the leaking hulk of the anti-scientific theory that all men are created *identical*, liberals are threatening to end up scuttling both ideas in a sea of cynicism.

A more meaningful question than "Are blacks the best athletes?" is:

2. *Whether or not basketball and football are the ultimate tests of "athleticism;" what empowers blacks to dominate them?* Average sports fans would suggest physical advantages in jumping and running, an idea that *Sports Illustrated* long denounced as a redneck's stereotype. Then last year Dr. Roger Bannister, the first four-minute-miler and a distinguished medical researcher, informed a scientific gathering, "Black sprinters, and black athletes in general, all seem to have certain natural anatomical advantages." Unable to bring themselves to slander *SI*'s first "Sportsman of the Year" as a racist, the editors grudgingly conceded that maybe this is an open question. In contrast, black athletes like the late tennis star Arthur Ashe tend to hold more urbanely realistic views: "Fast runners are born, not made."

Sadly, too few whites notice that much of black sports success seems to originate above the neck, in certain common mental advantages blacks tend to have over whites. For example, in the NFL, most offensive linemen, who diligently execute the coach's plays, are white. Most defensive linemen, who instantly devise their own responses, are black. More spectacularly, black basketball players like Elgin Baylor and Julius Erving blew wide open a stodgy game of set-piece plays. White coaches long resisted their black players' ability to make it up as they went along. The only man to consistently hold Michael Jordan to no more than 20 points per game was Dean Smith, his college coach. Yet, "playground jungle ball" eventually routed predictable white-style basketball. Obviously, the occasional Larry Bird or John Stockton shows that some whites can master the black game. Still, whites seem less often able to meet modern basketball's demands for creative improvisation and on-the-fly interpersonal decision-making. As Thomas Sowell notes, "To be an outstanding basketball player means to out-think opponents consistently in these split-second decisions under stress." These black cerebral superiorities in "real time" responsiveness also contribute to black dominance in jazz, running with the football, rap, dance, trash talking, preaching, and oratory. (Martin Luther King Jr., for example, improvised the immortal conclusion to his "I Have a Dream" speech.)

A second advantage that black men enjoy—in manly charisma—can be deduced from the endorsements they



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can command. Black pitchmen now outsell their white rivals. Michael Jordan has earned more than $200 million from global endorsements.

Why is the world more thrilled by a black man tomahawking a dunk than by, say, a white woman swimming the Bering Strait? Ultimately, it comes down to: What are sports for? At their sociobiological foundations, sports appear to be preparation for (or diversion from) hunting and fighting. Pro sports figures make money largely by furnishing male fans with masculine role models, mighty warrior heroes with whom to identify. At least for now, the world sees black American jocks as the epitome of masculinity.

In monoethnic Japan, Japanese fill all the roles advanced societies seem to require, including repo man and scary cult leader

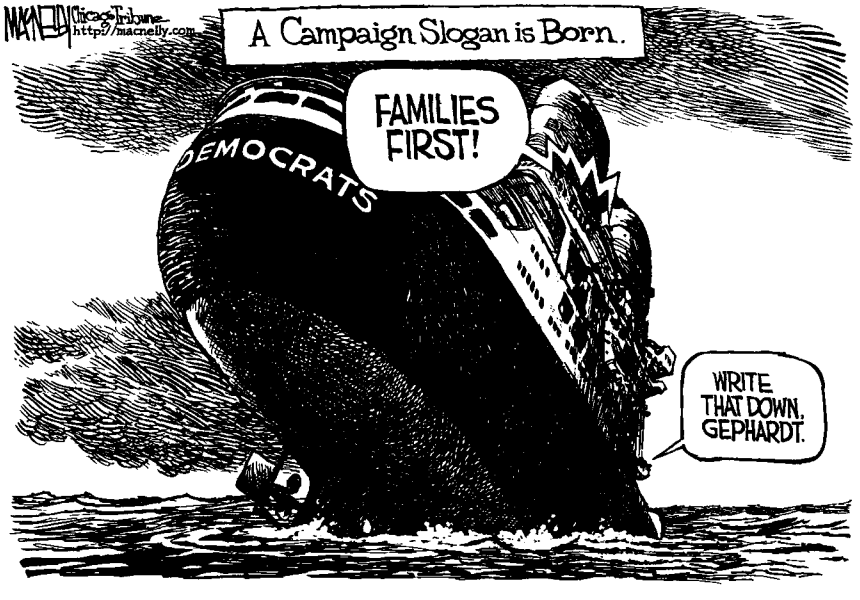
3. *Do these black advantages originate in culture or in biology?* The refusal of certain liberal white males to even consider the possibility of innate black superiority in some sports may stem less from egalitarianism than from egotism. For instance, Gregg Easterbrook, one of the *Atlantic Monthly*'s highest-IQ pundits, began his denunciation of *The Bell Curve* by recounting that once he'd played pickup basketball daily in a black neighborhood. Within a few weeks he had improved so much the black guys were actually "wanting me on their team." His feat seems to have made such an impression on him that years later he just can't believe the evidence for genetic diversity. Could it be these facts imperil his secret self-image—that beneath his disguise as a mild-mannered reporter, the real Gregg Easterbrook is man enough to do Nike ads?

Unfortunately, the lack of public discussion about group differences has badly retarded our thinking about what might be the most important question facing America today: How can black men earn more money? By smugly tarring as a bigot anyone who even ponders whether there might be fundamental differences, the reigning orthodoxy encourages us to assume away group inequalities as arbitrary and fleeting, when all history shows that a group's advantage in particular skills—whatever their origins—can long endure.

It appears that cultures tend to emphasize what their members have inborn aptitudes for. Put another way, people will work harder on what they find rewarding and shrink from what they find frustrating. Of course, if you are raised in a segregated society, you may not notice your comparative shortcomings. This helps explain the curious fact that the integration of a society frequently deepens the segregation of roles. In monoethnic Japan, for example, Japanese fill all the roles advanced societies seem to require, including game-show host, organized-crime boss, professional wrestler, barroom bouncer, repo man, crooked politician and scary cult leader. In multiethnic America, however, Japanese-Americans find themselves confronted by an abundance of rival job hunters proficient at shooting the breeze or violently intimidating people. Rather than toil to equal other Americans in these skills, Japanese-Americans instead generally converge in those fields like engineering and health where they find competition less formidable.

Similarly, a group can tire of a career or pastime even if its members tend to be better than their rivals, if they enjoy more glittering opportunities elsewhere. This helps explain why, after black Americans fled Southern segregation, they began specializing in basketball and football at the expense of baseball. Pundits often blame a shortage of baseball diamonds in the inner city. Yet, immigrants from rural Mexico haven't forsaken fastballs for free throws. More astute observers point to the decline of patriarchy in the black ghettos, since a love of baseball is best passed on by fathers playing catch with sons. Perhaps most important, however, is that black Americans have found baseball, with its straight-line baserunning, less suited for expressing their creativity than basketball or football.

4. *How could black males who aren't pro athletes make more money in the twenty-first century?* Of course, we can't stress enough the importance of morals. For example, the intense effort black youths put into mastering basketball shows once again the value of hard work, a lesson they could remember better in the classroom. However, the half-emptiness of black culture's glass has been lamented by more eloquent voices than mine. So, I'll discuss its half-fullness. One strategy for economic advancement is to look for new markets for a group's traditional strengths. For instance, centuries of rabbinical disputes over the Talmud seem to have paved the way for many modern Jews to prosper as lawyers. Similarly, how could



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black men with competitive advantages in creative improvisation and manly charm better exploit them in the job market? Well, it's easy first to identify an entire class of jobs that don't reward black men's strong suits: paper-pushing assignments in stagnant bureaucracies. Unfortunately, those are exactly what affirmative-action programs most often proffer.

The not-for-profit sector is especially plagued by this Paradox of Voluntary Affirmative Action:

1. The more feminist an institution, the more its white leaders will favor affirmative action for black applicants.

2. The more accurately the Verbal SAT predicts success within an institution, the more likely the high-scoring white leaders are to talk themselves into lowering test requirements for blacks.

Therefore, the more whole-heartedly a not-for-profit—like, say, a trendy college English department specializing in Lesbian Studies and Deconstructionism—wants to pursue blacks, the more likely the black men hired will find their jobs pointless and their colleagues insufferable.

The flip side of the Paradox is also revealing:

1. The more male-chauvinistic an institution, the more black men thrive. Exhibit A is The Citadel, where the black cadets confounded Shannon Faulkner's supporters by standing firm for sex discrimination. Seldom mentioned was that The Citadel, which emphasizes character development and leadership training rather than scholarship, is one of the most successful integrated colleges in America at inspiring black males to achieve.

2. The less relevant that written tests are to a particular career, the more that entrenched whites will stress exams as a way to keep blacks out. For example, Irish-American firemen and cops fought for segregation for years, and have since battled for color-blind testing. Why? Because Irish-Americans and African-Americans tend to possess such similar talents (e.g., strength, courage, street smarts, a commanding personality, and a touch of blarney) that they're natural rivals for fire and police jobs. One advantage the Irish possess, however, is in generally scoring higher on written exams, so they swear by testing.

THE nice liberal white who beseeches black men, "I'm your friend, be like me," is not always somebody they could (or would) be like, and thus can't give them the sort of job they'll do themselves proud in. On the other hand, the not-so-nice white often holds the keys to what could be the right career.

What careers ***should*** better-educated black men consider in the next century? This question has been unthinkable under the reigning intellectual orthodoxy, but somebody has to stick his neck out first. So here goes:

Conservatives often advise blacks to start their own small businesses. However, ambitious blacks tend to face fierce competition from immigrants who can call upon more dependable relatives for advice, loans, and labor. But the good news is that there are some fairly lucrative corporate careers that especially reward persuasiveness and manly charm: selling big-ticket contracts, stock-brokering, headhunting, motivational speaking. In a word: sales.

Unfortunately, the media climate saps for blacks the confidence a salesman needs. By automatically ascribing all gaps between whites and blacks to discrimination, the press drains that virile self-confidence that inspires customers to buy. Of course, some clients are anti-black, but over time blacks can mitigate that by discovering the less biased industries and sales territories. Anyway, unfair as it is, the relevant question for a young black career-seeker is not whether he'd get richer if he were a white salesman. No, he needs to ask himself whether he'd ultimately end up generating more money and pride as a black salesman or as quota fodder in a make-work posting like Diversity Sensitivity Liaison.

BEYOND sales, in coming years black men should also be able to better exploit their leadership talent. "Natural leadership" is practically synonymous with something black guys have in abundance: masculine charisma.

White fears that other whites wouldn't follow black leaders slowed black advancement into leadership positions for decades. Yet, when given a chance, blacks have tended to exert impressive command charisma, even over Southern whites. The performance of black Army sergeants has been exceptionally encouraging. Their success implies that similar unscholarly black men should be better able to work their way up to comparable civilian positions in blue-collar management. Unfortunately, affirmative action methodically lures many of these men into white-collar careers where their scholastic shortcomings slam a "glass ceiling" down upon their need to lead.

The apathy that too often drags down black males' job efforts stems partly from this systematic mismatching between those Big Man personalities that black America seems to specialize in (think of Charles Barkley or James Earl Jones) and the modest paper-fumbling billets that affirmative-action campaigns pester black men into accepting. The U.S. Army has best exploited their capacity for command, specifically because it doesn't toss affirmative-action victims in over their heads academically.

At the high end, we are likely to see blacks, especially ex-jocks, furnish the Republican Party with many leaders (like Congressman J. C. Watts, former Oklahoma quarterback). Just as politically conservative Jews, who make up a tiny fraction of the population, supply much of the GOP's intellectual firepower, so black Republicans, no matter how few there are overall, will be winning an impressive number of elective offices within two decades.

We must finally take seriously the value of diversity. The first step is to drop the fashionable but Orwellian habit of saying "diversity" when we mean "sameness." To pretend that all groups have all the same talents to the same degree is the antithesis of truly celebrating diversity. By insisting upon "diversity" ***within*** all institutions, affirmative action tries to impose the same homogeneous demographics ***across*** all institutions. This diffuses black talent thinly and impotently across the economic landscape. Rather like what Gandhi once replied when asked his opinion of Christian civilization, diversity is such a great idea that somebody ought to try it. □

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AFRAID TO BE RIGHT

Running Scared

By refusing to champion conservative causes, Dole is alienating the mainstream electorate.

RICHARD BROOKHISER

'BUT I will be the same man I was when I walked into the room. The same man I was yesterday and the day before, and a long time ago when I arose from my hospital bed and was permitted by the grace of God to walk again in the world."

That was Bob Dole, on May 15, announcing, in the most eloquent words spoken by any candidate in this race so far, that he would resign from the Senate to campaign in earnest. And indeed a familiar figure has walked again in the world since. But by the grace of Dole, that figure has been Richard Nixon.

The anthology of Nixon impersonations that Dole has been running through, like a one-man repertory company, has been remarkable. We have seen the return of Nixon the Debater—who tangled with Khrushchev and Dan Rather. So Dole, appearing on the *Today Show* ostensibly to promote his and his wife's book, *Unlimited Partners*, went on for minute after precious minute, wrangling with Katie Couric about *her* question and *Clinton*'s issue: the Devil Weed, and its rich purveyors. ("Can we talk about the book?" Mrs. Dole asked vainly, through steely teeth.) And not willing to let waked-up dogs get some sleep, Dole kept coming back to the issue, accusing Clinton of presiding over a rise in marijuana smoking. ("Bob Dole doesn't smoke tobacco any more," you could almost hear him thinking. "Don't know whether the Pres'dent smokes that other stuff. Never did know whether he used to.")

We have also seen a reprise of Nixon the Complainer. Nothing as spectacular as Nixon's you-won't-have-me-to-kick-around-any-more press conference in 1962. But then, up against as genial a presence as Bill Clinton, anything looks grim. So we watched Dole telling Katie Couric that she might be violating Federal Election Commission regulations by "always, you know, sticking up for the Democrats," and Dole explaining his decision not to address the NAACP (a perfectly rational decision, by the way—is Bill Clinton slated to chat up the Christian Coalition?) by saying that NAACP President Kweisi Mfume had planned to "set me up." Well, yes, of course he did. But what did Dole *expect* him to do?

Most ominously, we have seen the resurrection of Nixon the Centrist. Nixon himself urged this replay upon Dole. In May 1995 Dole gave the press several letters Nixon had written in the last months of his life, advising Dole on the 1996 campaign. In the primaries, Nixon counseled him, "You have to run as far as you can to the right, because that's where 40 per cent of the people who decide the nomination are. And to get elected you have to run as fast as you can back to the middle, because only about 4 per cent of the nation's voters are on the extreme right wing." Dole commenced an elaborate wriggle on abortion: first insisting that there be tolerance language in the abortion plank itself, then telling Regis and Kathie Lee that New Jersey Gov. Christine Todd Whitman would make a "fantastic" running-mate, despite her support of partial-birth abortions. (One sense of the word fantastic—"existing in the fancy; unreal; illusory"—would be literally true of Mrs. Whitman as a running-mate, though that was not what Dole meant.) At a fundraiser for Virginia Sen. John Warner, Dole appeared to make one last pitch to Colin Powell to join the ticket. It did not matter, from the point of view of the strategy, that many of these feints were insincere. At the end of the day, Dole decided to sequester the tolerance language in a separate plank—a decision foreshadowed by his tacit alliance with the Christian Coalition in this campaign, and by his own 23-year pro-life voting record. Similarly, Dole's courtship of Powell was, as *NR* argued all along, mostly for show. If the media have an insatiable appetite for Powell

"Holy smoke! Have you guys seen this script?"

Mr. Brookhiser, an NR *senior editor, is the author most recently of* Founding Father.

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copy, Dole must have figured, why not feed it? So Dole had the worst of all worlds: he irked his conservative base, without convincing anyone that he was a true centrist. But then Nixon's maneuvers rarely convinced anyone either.

Finally, and to Dole's credit, he revived Nixon the Strategist, giving some clear-headed foreign-policy speeches as spring turned to summer. In Philadelphia, he called for admitting Poland, Hungary, and the Czech Republic to NATO by 1998, and warned that "unless we vigorously move to train and equip the Bosnians, the U.S. and NATO will face a 'stay or fail' dilemma." In Dallas, he told the Veterans of Foreign Wars that it was "a requirement, not an option," for the United States to develop and deploy a missile-defense system. No one listened, of course, which is partly the fault of the voters. But it is also partly Dole's for running a campaign so edgeless that his

Bob Dole And The Reagan Revolution

CONSERVATIVE critics of Bob Dole fault him for lacking "the vision thing," the kind of consistent world view that Ronald Reagan demonstrated in 1980. These critics may be right that Dole does not invoke the poetry of a "shining city on a hill," but they are very wrong in missing his clear, conservative agenda.

Indeed, Dole's agenda is in some ways more compelling than Reagan's. In 1980, with the exception of the Kemp–Roth tax cut, the Reagan vision was not spelled out with a Senate and House bill number attached. Bob Dole's vision and agenda are written down in black and white for all Americans to read, in legislation that Dole has personally co-sponsored, endorsed, and voted for, and in some cases passed through the Senate.

In this respect, Dole's agenda mirrors the Contract with America. It, too, consisted of real pieces of legislation that had been debated over the previous decade and endorsed and voted for by most Republicans. Voters could have confidence that the Republicans, once granted a majority in Congress, would vote for these measures.

Take legal reform, for instance. In March, Dole led the fight to pass a bill to limit punitive damages in product-liability cases and to protect non-profit, voluntary, and charitable organizations from crippling lawsuits. He is a lead sponsor of the updated bill, S-300, which will now also include a reform of automobile-insurance law put forward by Senator Mitch McConnell (R., Ky.). Under this reform, consumers could opt out of coverage for "pain and suffering" in return for lower premiums, saving consumers $220 per car per year—in effect, a larger tax cut than the one Republicans fought for last year. In addition, the bill restricts contingency fees for trial lawyers to a third of the amount obtained in excess of early offers by defendants. This measure, inspired by Hudson Institute scholar Michael Horowitz, would have the added virtue of cutting trial-lawyer income by an estimated 50 per cent. (Trial lawyers, who now pocket sixty cents of every dollar awarded by juries, are second only to labor unions as funders of the Left.)

Dole also introduced and fought for S-343, the regulatory-reform bill that would require cost/benefit analysis of major new regulations, require risk assessment to be based on real science, and give Congress the ability to review costly regulations before they are imposed by any agency. Dole is a key supporter of S-605, the first property-rights legislation to attempt to put teeth in the Constitution's "takings clause." With Rep. Charles Canady (R., Fla.), Dole has co-sponsored the Equal Opportunity Act, S-1085, prohibiting the use of race and gender preferences by the Federal Government in contracting, employment, or programs. Dole is responsible for advancing the National Right to Work law, S-581, ending the practice of compulsory union membership in 29 states.

On taxes, Dole sponsored and passed the 1996 budget, which would grant families a $500-per-child tax credit, roll back Bill Clinton's tax on Social Security benefits, and halve the capital-gains tax. Dole has supported estate-tax relief in the House Balanced Budget Act, HR-2491, passed in November 1995, and sponsored S-1086, to reduce the inheritance tax generally and to protect family businesses and farms from it. On other fiscal matters, Dole was a lead sponsor for the Balanced Budget Amendment, HJR-1, and the line-item veto, S-4. In 1992 he introduced a constitutional amendment that would require a supermajority for raising taxes.

On health care, Dole supports medical savings accounts included in the Balanced Budget Act, HR-2491, which would give consumers more control over their health care. Dole's support of parental choice in education goes back at least to 1982, when he led the fight for S-528, granting parents of children in private schools a tuition tax credit. In 1994, Dole fought for Amendment 2417 to S-1513, beginning a pilot program that gave parents vouchers to send their children to a private school if their current school could not guarantee their safety. This year, Dole fought for the school-voucher program for children in Washington, D.C.

Finally, Dole has introduced the Defend America Act of 1996, S-1635, instructing the Defense Department to build a strategic defense against ballistic missiles by 2003.

Robert Dole entered the 1996 election campaign with a clearer record than any other presidential candidate in history. His support for each of these measures is long-standing, recorded in writing in the pages of the *Congressional Record* and repeated in speeches that may read more like laundry lists than Pericles's funeral oration, but that are as revolutionary as anything expressed since Thomas Paine.

So if someone asks you about Bob Dole's vision for the future of America, simply explain that his agenda would be S-300, S-343, S-1085, S-581, HR-2491, S-1086, S-605, HJR-1, S-4, S-528, Amendment 2417 to S-1513, and S-1635.

It may not sing, but it is an agenda worth fighting for.

—GROVER NORQUIST

Mr. Norquist is president of Americans for Tax Reform.

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best shots are all on foreign policy in what still feels, if not like the end of history, then like a post–Cold War world.

ABOUT the only Nixon missing from Dole's repertoire was the Nixon of the Emerging Republican Majority—the Nixon who won at least two out of his three presidential elections. He won them by his willingness to take some tough stands on tough issues—chiefly, law and order, which was the affirmative-action issue of the late Sixties and early Seventies. In both cases, the tough position was denounced by liberals and slighted by the media; it was popular with voters; and it was absolutely right. Nixon took the tough position, and argued it forthrightly. Dole has not, on affirmative action, or any other domestic issue.

The chief artisan of Nixon's emerging-majority rhetoric, Pat Buchanan, remained nominally a candidate for the Republican nomination. When Pat Buchanan has not formally pulled out of the race, and Bill Clinton has not formally entered it, Dole must feel beleaguered by phantoms. Still, Buchanan has not been behaving aggressively. When Dole first declared that there would be tolerance language in the abortion plank, Buchanan released a dignified statement asking what moral standing the Party of Lincoln would have had in 1860 if it had linked its opposition to slavery to tolerance language. (A rebuke weakened only by the suspicion that in 1860 Buchanan would have been in the Party of John Breckinridge.) Yet when Dole decided to fence the tolerance language off, it was Pat's sister Bay, angry that there was to be any such language at all, who spoke of unconquerable will, and study of revenge, and courage never to submit or yield. Pat, the moderate in the family, held his peace. The latest word is that Buchanan will not speak at all in San Diego. Dole, who is a better politician than George Bush, must understand that Buchanan can be useful to him, while Buchanan, a lifelong Republican, does not want to stray away into schism. But mutual interest may not carry the day.

Meanwhile, on the Happy Days wing of the Right, Steve Forbes and Jack Kemp threatened to hold a summit to force Dole to come up with an economic plank more definite than a call for "fairer, simpler, flatter" taxes. Kemp, who, as Rich Lowry pointed out last issue, was already deeply unpopular with Dole, did not rise any by this maneuver. Dole's opinion of Forbes is scarcely higher: early this year he told one primary audience that he would not pick a running-mate of inherited wealth (which rules out Christie Whitman, come to think of it). Still, as Colin Powell said of Louis Farrakhan's Million Man March, Dole should heed the message, whatever he thinks of the messenger.

The conservative movement and the GOP, especially in Washington, have been having a Nixonian flashback of their own—to the week after the smoking-gun tape came out, when Senators Rhodes, Tower, and Goldwater marched to the Oval Office to tell the President he was a goner. Some people—Cal Thomas, Don Feder, George Will (in code)—have even suggested that Dole pull out at the convention. There hasn't been a moment of panic like this since three months ago, when everybody was panicking. What a leader; what a party.

Some people—Cal Thomas, Don Feder, George Will (in code)—have even suggested that Dole pull out

Who, meanwhile, has Bill Clinton been? Newt Gingrich, hoping for a replay of 1972, urged Dole to cast Clinton as a "countercultural McGovernik." Those are Clinton's roots, of course. But the Speaker, as he has done before, underestimated his enemy. Bill Clinton has been many Presidents—as many as anyone wants him to be.

Nixon, for one. Nixon advised Dole to move to the center. Well, Bill Clinton has been feinting to the center for years. In 1992 he dissed Sister Souljah at a Rainbow Coalition meeting, and flew home to Arkansas to ensure that a condemned murderer be executed. This year, the man whose Presidency began with a push to bring gays into the military announced that he would sign the Defense of Marriage Act. (In politics, Bill Clinton is trisexual—he will try anything.) He also offered a waiver of existing welfare regulations to Wisconsin Gov. Tommy Thompson for a proposed workfare program—though it later turned out that the offer had strings attached to it.

Then there was Clinton as Lincoln the Mourner. The throb of the Gettysburg Address and the bleak prophecy of the Second Inaugural are not heights which a common politician can easily scale. Clinton didn't, but he took his choked voice and his puckered lip wherever death or disaster alighted, from Ron Brown's funeral, to burned-out black churches. James Glassman and Michael Fumento, sifting the numbers, wondered if the second of these tragedies hadn't been a statistical artifact, rather than a wave of hate crimes. But, considering its political usefulness to Clinton, there is another possibility: did anyone see Craig Livingstone or Anthony Marceca sneaking along any rural byways?

Clinton also did a turn as Truman the Friend of Labor—a most unlikely act for a man whose major legislative achievement was ramming NAFTA through Congress with Republican votes. The 1994 elections made labor see that it had a more threatening enemy, and it promised to do all that $35 million could to re-elect the President and turn out the Republican Congress. In June, Clinton went to the annual convention of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, and said that "the other side is criticizing us because we have the support of labor unions. Well, I plead guilty to that."

Finally, Clinton displayed another Nixon persona—Nixon the Crook. The scandal of the Republican FBI files, Clinton's latest scandal, was a beaut. Every news cycle, a few hundred more files seemed to turn up in the White House. Then there were the Administration's security specialists themselves, Mr. Livingstone, the former bouncer, and Mr. Marceca, the former repo man, staring shifty-eyed from every newspaper and TV screen. As *Newsweek* observed, they made the Watergate burglars look like Cyrus Vance. But once again, nothing stuck. Barely a month after the story had blown full force, Clinton felt confident enough to go on the offensive, telling Tom Brokaw that Kenneth Starr's office was "a highly politicized operation."

He also offered an interesting political finesse of the character issue. "I think that you can demonstrate character most effectively by what you fight for and for whom you fight." If I am right, I may be a rascal, but I will be the

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right rascal for the job. Clinton is onto something here. Alexander Hamilton and Franklin Roosevelt are honored (or dishonored) for their political deeds, not their adulteries.

Dole flailed desperately at his rival's character, wisely ignoring Whitewater, but laboring to hit Clinton as a waffler. All in vain. Cutting corners, political trimming—the voters have heard the many indictments as often as the seat-belt lecture on an airplane, and pay as much heed. Bill Clinton's reputation is so bad it armors him against disgrace.

Completing the roster of candidates is Ross Perot, who has been playing—Ross Perot. Perot ran a classic bait-and-switch on former Colorado Gov. Richard Lamm. Lamm is the kind of politician people call a maverick, when they are not calling him something unprintable. He has a knack for staking out contentious positions—he was an early supporter of abortion, and a foe of immigration—and for framing them in abrasive sound bites. With Perot not saying whether or not he would be the Reform Party's candidate, Lamm stepped forward to offer himself—whereupon Perot immediately announced that, yes, he would run again. Perot explained testily that he had been willing to step aside for "George Washington II" but that no such figure had appeared. (Does Perot fit the bill? George Washington I was a lot taller, among other differences.) Perot got publicity for his party, and an overwhelmable rival; Lamm got taken.

Little things have improved for Dole. Elizabeth Dole started taking charge of joint interviews, steering him capably through a session with Larry King. Dole made a feint to the center which was actually surprising, tapping Rep. Susan Molinari (R., N.Y.) to give the keynote in San Diego. Rep. Molinari is as pro-choice as Gov. Whitman, but she is chirpy as a tea kettle, and can be trusted to leave her abortion opinions on the cutting-room floor. Pat Buchanan congratulated her graciously. But Dole's underlying woes are the effect of running in a void. Back in May, he said he wanted to run as himself, which is necessary, but not sufficient. He must also have a conservative vision for the future. If he does not, he will be entangled with tobacco, his temper, and Nixonian politicking. Even Bill Clinton, in one of his incarnations, has said he is running a campaign of issues. Dole must do no less. □

Campaigning By the Numbers

Political demographics mean trouble for Democrats, but don't necessarily add up to Republican victories.

PATRICK REDDY

IF BOB DOLE loses the November election, it will be his own fault. Ample conditions exist for a Republican victory. In the last thirty years, the Democrats have gone from a broad-based national party to a coalition of racial minorities (Jesse Jackson voters) and white liberals (Dukakis voters). That's not a national majority. To borrow from the movies, Democrats went from being the party of Clark Gable, James Cagney, Henry Fonda, and Frank Sinatra to being the party of Woody Allen, Jane Fonda, and Spike Lee. (Full disclosure statement: I am a California Democrat who opposed Prop. 187.)

In contrast, the modern Republican Party has greatly expanded its traditional base. The GOP in the last thirty years has held onto its Northern Protestant base, while adding Frank Rizzo/Eddie Vrydoliak Democrats in Northern cities, Strom Thurmond/George Wallace Southern Democrats, and Roosevelt/Truman Democrats in California. This mix has been potent and enduring. It will probably take a major crisis under the Republicans' stewardship to destroy it completely.

Think of American politics today as a balance-of-power contest involving seven tribes: blacks, New Minorities (Asians and Hispanics), white liberals, working-class or "populist" whites, Northern rural voters, suburbanites, and conservatives. How do these various subgroups move and combine to produce majorities? The Democrats' base comprises blacks, liberals, and most New Minorities. The Republicans carry Northern rural voters, most white suburbanites, and conservatives. Populist whites provide the swing vote.

As the chart on the next page shows, the key to the Democrats' national strength used to be their ability to carry this group in every region. And, back in the New Deal era, there were just too many working-class Democrats for the Republicans to overcome with their base in the suburban and small-town middle classes. After the Depression ended with World War II, the voting strength of this group began to wane. In what Daniel Bell called the "post-industrial society," the economy shifted from producing goods to providing services. The new economy is dominated by educated, highly skilled workers. Today, almost 60 per cent of the workforce is classified as professional or white-collar, compared to 30 per cent blue-collar. Union membership has collapsed from 36 per cent of the labor force in 1945 to about 15 per cent today, a 60 per cent decline in fifty years. Labor's decline has really hurt Democrats in the industrial states, as labor had been the main pillar of the New Deal coalition. (Witness the weakness of the labor-backed Mondale campaign in 1984.)

Americans have also been geographically mobile, moving in a southwesterly direction since 1940. In 1932, the Northeast and Midwest peaked at 64 per cent of the electoral votes. In 1992, the South and West accounted for 51 per cent of the electoral votes, their first majority ever. It is no accident that every President elected after 1960 has come from the South or West. Moreover, Republican nominees of the past thirty years have run best in the areas that are growing the fastest. That is a guaranteed formula for success.

We can trace these trends by studying our postwar electoral history. In 1952 the Republicans led by Dwight Eisenhower stormed back to the White House with a combination of social is-

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sues and foreign policy: "Communism, Corruption, and Korea" was their slogan. Eisenhower won by cutting into the Democratic base of white populists. His biggest gains came among Southerners and Western populists: ranchers, miners, loggers, and urban workers.

John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson led the Democrats back in 1960 with a ticket carefully constructed to recapture two groups that had begun drifting toward the GOP: white ethnics and Southerners. But since then, it has been almost all downhill for the Donkey.

As with so many things in our society, American politics really changed in the 1960s. The civil-rights revolution broke up the old Democratic coalition: in the 1930s, FDR won 85 per cent(!) of the Southern white "populist" vote; in 1960, Kennedy won over half. Eight years later, Humphrey held only about a third. Meanwhile, social issues (like abortion) started to drive Northern urban ethnics out of the Democratic Party. They went almost 3 to 1 for JFK; less than half of them have voted Democratic since the Sixties. This trend helped push the industrial states into the GOP column. So, significantly, did the postwar suburbanization of America, which ensured that Republicans today can, for example, carry Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and California without getting a single vote in Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh, or San Francisco. Half the national electorate today lives in the suburbs, compared to less than a third in the cities. In 1994, the suburbs cast their first-ever majority of the national vote. Small wonder that the GOP took control of Congress for the first time in forty years.

After Humphrey's defeat in 1968, liberals attempted to revive the Democratic coalition by uniting white workers with minorities and liberals. The idea was to hold the white working class with economic issues and use social liberalism to attract young people and minority voting blocs. Thus, the birth of "identity" politics: courting women as feminists; Asians, blacks, Indians, and Hispanics as their own Third World tribes; young voters as environmentalists or anti-war activists; gays as another minority group; and so on. It didn't work, as these tactics provoked a bitter backlash. The end result of this New Politics liberalism was the loss of the white working-class vote for Democratic candidates: McGovern's 37 per cent among white populists was the worst ever performance for a Democrat.

But it wasn't just McGovern. In the period 1932–64, Democrats averaged over 60 per cent of the national white working-class vote. From 1968 on, it has been only 43 per cent (as it happens, exactly their average of the total national vote). Democratic nominees always used to run better in white populist precincts than nationally. But since 1968, the opposite has often been true. Until their recent downturn, Republicans were closer than at any time since the 1920s to being the "party of the people."

Nationally, the Democrats' share of the white vote has dropped from 46 per cent to 38 per cent, while their share of the black vote has increased by 24 points, the Hispanic vote has largely stayed the same. Although the black and Hispanic share of the electorate has doubled over the past forty years from 7 to 15 per cent, these trends still amount to a net loss of about six million votes for the Democrats. In 1992, Clinton basically won with minorities, white liberals, and a smattering of blue-collar support in the Frostbelt. The 1992 ticket of two Southern Baptists still lost Dixie to Bush, marking the first time in history that a winning Democratic ticket lost the South. (To give President Clinton his due, he did carry some of the West—the first time a Democrat had done so since 1964—and did especially well in California.)

Not all the trends of the 1960s were bad news for the Democrats: they did make gains among blacks and liberal Republicans. In fact, the gentrified urban neighborhoods that were once strongholds of moderate-to-liberal Republicans harbor the only group of white voters that has moved away from the GOP. The problem for Democrats is that former liberal Republicans represent a relatively small number of people. Democrats lost twice as many votes in the late 1960s from defecting conservative Democrats as they gained from liberal Republicans and independents: George Wallace, a breakaway reactionary Democrat, polled twice as many votes in 1968 as John Anderson, a breakaway liberal Republican, did in 1980. The top Wallace supporters from 1968—Southern

Comparison Between New Deal and New Politics Eras: Democratic % of Total Vote

	Averages, 1932–60	Averages, 1968–92	Changes
Northeast	50%	47%	–3
Midwest	49%	43%	–6
South	62%	40%	–22
West	52%	42%	–10
U.S. Total	52%	43%	–9
National			
Whites	50%	38%	–12
Blacks	66%	90%	+24
Hispanics	78%	72%	–6
Northeast/Midwest			
Blacks	68%	92%	+24
White Populists			
Ethnics	63%	49%	–14
Working Class	55%	51%	–4
White Liberals			
Jews	75%	68%	–7
Limousine Liberals	56%	61%	+5
Hispanics	80%	78%	–2
White Suburbanites	38%	34%	–4
Rural Whites	42%	37%	–5
South			
Blacks	62%	91%	+29
Whites	62%	30%	–32
Populist Whites			
Rural	70%	30%	–40
Urban Working/class	65%	39%	–26
Middle Class	58%	30%	–28
Wealthy	44%	24%	–20
New Minorities			
Cubans	NA	24%	NA
Mexican-Americans	77%	77%	0
West			
Blacks	75%	88%	+13%
New Minorities			
Asian-Americans	50%	49%	–1
Mexican-Americans	78%	71%	–7
Populist Whites			
Mormons	49%	25%	–24
Ranching-Area Residents	60%	33%	–27
Urban Working Class	59%	46%	–13
Middle Class Whites			
Suburbanites	50%	38%	–12
New Metro Residents	52%	39%	–13
Conservatives	41%	29%	–12
White Liberals	53%	53%	0

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whites, ranchers, members of the military, miners, loggers, and white ethnics—have usually been the first groups to run away from liberal candidates such as McGovern, Mondale, and Dukakis. No Democrat can win a two-way race without these voters. And by the 1980s, most demographic trends—suburbanization, the decline of organized labor, rising incomes for white Democrats—had given Republicans an almost natural edge in national elections. Demographics and social trends will help the GOP this year and beyond.

The trends outlined in the chart may be Bob Dole's best asset (they seem like his *only* asset lately). It would be a mistake for the Dole camp to coast on those trends, but its task shouldn't be that hard. The GOP swept every white populist group in 1994. The country has a conservative majority: by 2 to 1, voters say they would prefer a smaller government providing fewer services, and self-identified liberals are at a record low of 15 per cent. Together, suburbanites and white Southerners constitute about 60 per cent of the electorate. The recent voting patterns of these two groups will make it very difficult for President Clinton to win a two-man race. The math is simple: If Bob Dole wins a bloc vote of at least 65 per cent from Southern whites and carries suburbia in the North and West with about 60 per cent, he will start off with almost 40 per cent of the total vote. By winning just the normal Republican majority among rural voters in the Midwest and the West, he can top 50 per cent of the popular vote. Dole can attract Southerners with social conservatism and suburbanites with economic conservatism. The only "*x* factors" are Ross Perot and Mr. Dole's age, but if Dole has any spunk left in him, he should still be able to pull it off.

All Mr. Dole has to do is spell out to moderate and conservative voters exactly how his Presidency will improve their lives. He should let voters know that he will cut spending, balance the budget (while maintaining a safety net for the elderly), appoint conservative judges, pursue a stronger foreign policy, and promote traditional values. And frankly, if the senator can't articulate that message, he deserves to lose.

But should Mr. Clinton win in November, it will be only a temporary setback for conservatives. He will immediately become a lame duck and, on almost all precedents, his party will lose

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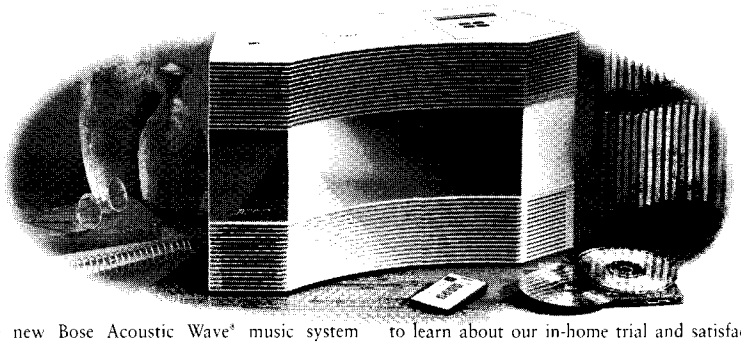

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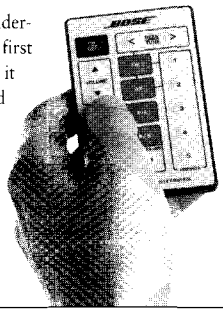

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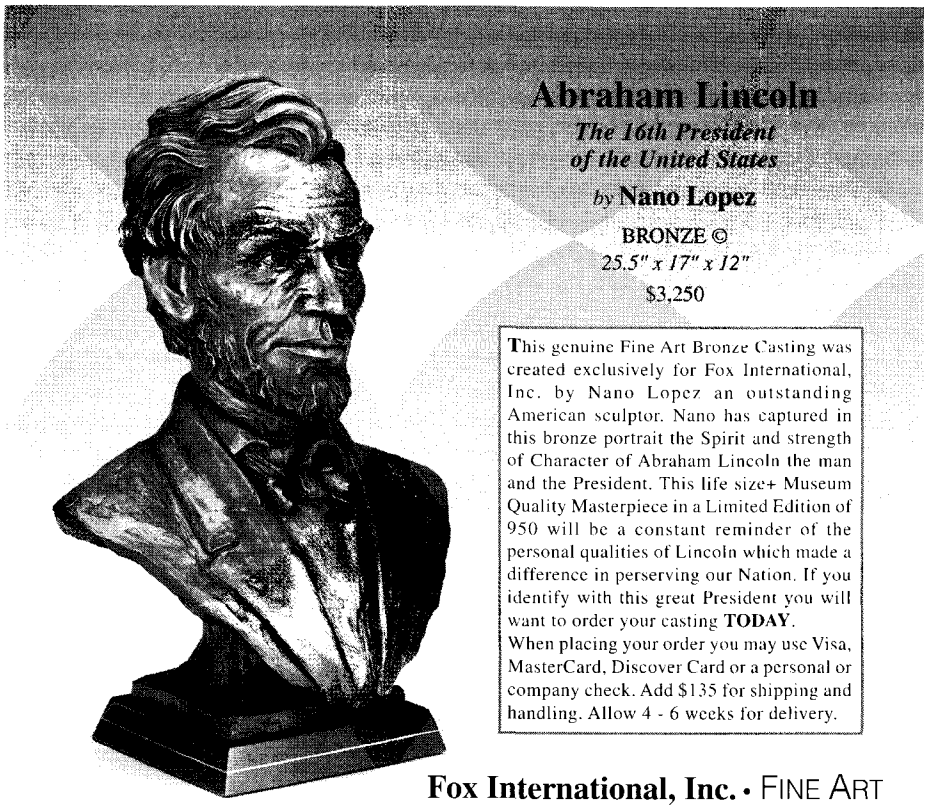

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so badly in 1998, the off-year election in a second presidential term, that the GOP will be likely to have veto-proof majorities in Congress. Then, Newt Gingrich and his allies really will be running the country. □

Odd Couples

The Defense of Marriage Act will firm up the authority of the states to reject gay marriage.

HADLEY ARKES

IF the old *Ed Sullivan Show* were still on the air, somewhere between Señor Wences, the ventriloquist, and the seal playing "The Bells of Saint Mary's" on the auto-horns, some room would have to be made for Barney Frank. But displaced, in our time, from his proper venue, he plays mainly in the cabarets supplied by the House Committee on the Judiciary. This spring, the occasion was supplied by the Defense of Marriage Act, a measure that was designed to head off gay marriage, just as the courts were preparing to deliver that gift to the country. As it turned out, there are several hundred references in the federal code to spouses, or the benefits flowing to spouses, and so the Congress could make a modest, telling point, without needing to tread on the jurisdiction of the states. The Congress would merely stipulate that the term "marriage," in the federal code, "means only a legal union between one man and one woman as husband and wife." The simplest, sparest of moves; yet it would send a message to the courts, and if delivered, to gay activists, a reproach that could not go unnoticed.

It did not go unnoticed, in any layer of its significance, by Congressman Frank, who was moved along the scale of his repertoire from mock-tragic to sneering satire. But everything was played in the key of bemused incredulity, with an undertone of outrage: Were he and his partner, "Herb," settled, domesticated couple that they were, really imperiling the marriages of people in their neighborhood? Had there been some decline in the attraction between the sexes, so that it actually required now the endorsement of the Federal Government in order to induce men and women to couple?

But beneath the theatrics, Frank's line was predictable: The bill was not needed; therefore, it had to be nothing more than a political ploy, a desperate move to save the Dole campaign. Yet, Frank knew, as well as anyone else, that events were being pushed upon the Congress by the courts, and by a strategy of litigation by gay activists. It required no small measure of nerve on the part of people like Rep. Charles Canady (R., Fla.) to act, before the courts managed to alter radically the bearing of the laws on sexuality and marriage, while most of the public was unaware that anything was taking place.

For the past two years, the courts in Hawaii have been preparing to deliver to the country, as an unsolicited present, the novelty of gay marriage. The device for conveying that innovation to the rest of the country was the Full Faith and Credit Clause of the Constitution (Art. IV, Sec. 1). Under that clause, it would be expected that a marriage performed in Kentucky or Hawaii would be honored in Illinois, unless the latter state held a moral objection to a particular sort of marriage, expressed in its own laws or public policy. That has been evidently the case, for example, in relation to incestuous marriages. And until recently it was assumed that the states could simply assert an objection to homosexual marriage, for the same reason that states were still free to pass laws on sodomy and to express, in their policies, a moral disapproval of homosexual activity.

Yet that is precisely the point that was being called into question in a case then pending before the Supreme Court. I sought to explain, in my own testimony before the Judiciary Committee, that it was this case of *Romer* v. *Evans* which now pressed the matter on the Congress with some urgency. We will hear, of course, different accounts of that case, but in my own reading, *Romer* involved the right of people in their private settings to honor their own moral or religious judgments on the matter of homosexuality. If the Court denied that understanding, I argued, the decision was likely to be read by many activists among the judges so as to produce this lesson: "that a State may not incorporate in its laws or public policy an adverse judgment on homosexuality, and it may not refuse to accord to homosexuality the same standing or legitimacy that attaches to that sexuality 'imprinted in our natures.' "

Those words were spoken on May 15, and the Court announced its decision in *Romer* v. *Evans* on May 20. And the result turned out to be as bad, in its precise details, as I had imagined. Ten years earlier, in *Bowers* v. *Hardwick*, the Court had not found anything in the Constitution that prevented the states from making sodomy unlawful. But as Justice Scalia observed in his dissenting opinion in *Romer*, "If it is constitutionally permissible for a state to make homosexual conduct criminal, surely it is constitutionally permissible for a state to enact other laws merely disfavoring homosexual conduct." The Court had now cast a pall of constitutional suspicion over any statute or executive order that implied an adverse judgment on homosexuality. And with that move, it could arm federal judges to tie up any legislation in a state that refused to honor homosexual marriages. After all, the argument might run, the state refuses to credit this marriage only because of the gender, or the "sexual orientation," of the couple. Would this not be, on its face, but another "dis-

For the past two years, the courts in Hawaii have been preparing to deliver to the country the novelty of gay marriage

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crimination" against people because they happen to be gays or lesbians?

WHAT brought forth the Defense of Marriage Act was not anything percolating in Hawaii, but the anticipation that *Romer* v. *Evans*, in its potential to remodel our laws and unsettle our lives, could make *Roe* v. *Wade* look like a mere warm-up act. I had wrung my hands on this matter in an article last October, and I suggested as a strategy a kind of Inchon landing: We would go around the case in Colorado and contest our opponents on the terrain of gay marriage. My own suggestion was for a constitutional amendment, but Michael Uhlmann, at the Ethics and Public Policy Center, came up with a better, more refined idea: that Congress act with an ordinary statute, simply clarifying the meaning of marriage in the federal code. The same epiphany seemed to occur at the same time to Lincoln Oliphant and Douglas Badger at the Senate Republican Policy Committee, and, with William McGrath of the House Judiciary Committee, they brought forth the Defense of Marriage Act. The advantages of the statute were that it dealt with a subject distinctly under the authority of Congress (the meaning of the federal code); that it could be passed by a simple majority; and that, unlike a constitutional amendment, it would have to go to the President for his signature. Mr. Clinton would have to do something; he would have to sign or veto. Either way, he would court trouble.

We anticipated that he would sign, though we did not anticipate that he would try to cut his costs by announcing very quickly his intention to sign. But his quick capitulation in public had a deeper, expanding effect that we had not quite anticipated. *Romer* v. *Evans* had promised to be a powerful, portentous weapon in advancing the agenda of gay rights and silencing its critics in the professions and the universities. Yet, the glow of that decision seemed to dissipate in a day and a half, as the airwaves were full of discussions of the Defense of Marriage Act. We were reminded that nothing compels the public attention in the same way as a legislative act—which was precisely why the legislatures, and not the courts, were thought to be the arena of citizenship and deliberation in a republic. Clinton's quick decision offered an unmistakable reading of the political landscape: as Barney Frank explained, one could hardly expect the President to do anything different with about 70 per cent of the public opposed to gay marriage. One lesbian commentator on radio drew the conclusion that could not be evaded: Gays and lesbians could win dramatically in the courts, but they could not win when the matter was taken out of the courts. They could still not win politically, in the court of public opinion.

The awareness that *Romer* v. *Evans* was coming soon inspired one other feature in the Defense of Marriage Act: Congress would flex its powers under the Full Faith and Credit Clause, but in the most delicate and moderate use of federalism. Congress would not contest the authority of Hawaii to install same-sex marriage. Nor would it foreclose the freedom of other states to recognize those marriages from Hawaii. Congress would simply provide that no state would be *compelled* by the Full Faith and Credit Clause to honor, as a marriage, anything other than the union of a man and a woman.

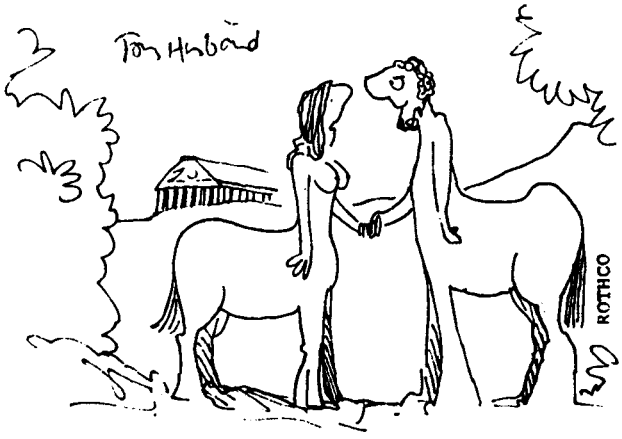
Yet, this moderate policy was treated by the Democrats as nothing less than an act of aggression. The air was filled with charges of Republican hypocrisy for invading the domain of the states and "federalizing" the issue. But it was the Full Faith and Credit Clause in the *federal* Constitution that the Lambda Defense Fund had been counting on as the engine that would extend gay marriage to the other states.

Meanwhile as I remarked in my testimony, "The Congress makes precisely clear what it reaches, and even more clearly what it forbears from reaching. And in making its point with that discipline, it teaches, even more strikingly, lessons running deep." Those lessons were about marriage and sexuality. For as spare as the bill is, there is no mistaking the fact that it rejects gay marriage, and rejects it in the name of that sexuality "imprinted in our natures." Rep. Pat Schroeder, in a sweep of affirmation, simply declared that this was a matter of recognizing the love of two people. And yet, no one doubts the love of men for men, or women for women, just as no one doubts that there may be abiding relations of love between brothers and sisters, grandparents and grandchildren. But in the nature of things, nothing in those relations of love could possibly be diminished in any way if they were not attended by penetration or expressed in marriage.

WE DO not need a marriage to mark the presence of love, but a marriage marks something matchless in a framework for the begetting and nurturing of children. In that respect, there is an evident connection between marriage and what has been called the "natural teleology of the body": namely, the inescapable fact that only two people, not three, only a man and a woman, can procreate a child. It makes a difference, after all, that a child should enter the world in a framework of lawfulness, with parents who are committed to his care for the same reason that they are committed to each other.

That is not to say that every marriage must produce children. Yet many seasoned writers have become convinced that a sterile couple proves the falsity of distinguishing between heterosexual and gay couples. But even people not covered over with college degrees have been able to grasp the natural correspondences that establish the coherence in the design of marriage: There is a natural correspondence between the notion of marriage and the sexual coupling, the merging of bodies, in the "unitive significance" of marriage; and there is the plainest natural connection between that act of coupling and the begetting of children. Those children embody the "wedding"

(Continues on page 60)



"Part of me says 'yes,' but the other part says 'neigh.'"

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

July 15, 1996

NSA SATELLITE DOWNLINK INTERCEPT

MALE VOICE [identified as: Vice President of the United States]: Hi, Rusty! I'm flying home from Moscow. Can you hear me? [Inaudible.]

VPOTUS: Hello?

FEMALE VOICE [Identified as: Mrs. Gore/Second Lady of the United States]: Al?

VPOTUS: Hi, Tip.

SLOTUS: How did the meeting with Yeltsin go?

VPOTUS: Not so well. He kind of didn't make it. I think he was sick or something.

SLOTUS: Sick? What kind of world leader is so sick that he can't meet the Vice President of the United States?

VPOTUS: I don't know. A sick one, I guess.

SLOTUS: This is a problem. It's a serious loss of face.

VPOTUS: C'mon. It's not like I'm president.

SLOTUS: You never miss an opportunity to remind me of that, do you?

VPOTUS: Tipper!

SLOTUS: Al, go back.

VPOTUS: Back to Moscow?

SLOTUS: No. Back to Ft. Lauderdale. YES BACK TO MOSCOW!

VPOTUS: Keep your voice down. People will hear.

SLOTUS: Al, look at things realistically. Ken Starr is not going to go to the Grand Jury before October, and they won't return indictments until mid-November at the earliest. David Brock's book is going to come out after Labor Day. And Dole's chief strategist seems to be Dr. Kevorkian.

VPOTUS: What's your point, Tip?

SLOTUS: My point is, when you get stood up by a world leader, well, it makes you and the office of the Vice President seem inconsequential. The whole thing reeks of . . . Mondale. Or worse: Bush.

VPOTUS: Tipper, if I may, I'm pretty much regarded as a kind of "co-president."

SLOTUS: Wake up and smell the coffee, Al. He doesn't need you to look presidential any more. Somehow, some way, he did it himself.

VPOTUS: Well, that's great news! I'm thrilled! What terrific news! Really! Just terrific!

SLOTUS: He's 27 points ahead of Dole in California.

VPOTUS: [Expletive deleted!]

SLOTUS: Now they want you and me to take a "power walk" together on Good Morning America to demonstrate the Surgeon General's new guidelines for exercise.

VPOTUS: Actually, that sounds like fun.

SLOTUS: Al, they don't mean it to be fun. They want to diminish your role. It helps you-know-who look more presidential.

VPOTUS: How do you know this?

SLOTUS: I went to last week's strategy meeting in the Yellow Room.

VPOTUS: You went to a Yellow Room meeting? Wow! Tipper, how did you get in? They don't even let Hillary in those.

SLOTUS: Never mind.

VPOTUS: Tipper—I demand to know how you talked your way into a closed and very private campaign strategy meeting.

SLOTUS: I didn't talk my way in. And I didn't sneak in. I walked in, Al. I walked straight in.

VPOTUS: What?

SLOTUS: Okay, okay. I was dressed as a maid.

VPOTUS: Honestly, Tipper! Dressing up as a maid! You make me feel like Ricky Ricardo!

SLOTUS: You know, Richard Berke of the New York Times was a lot more grateful for the information than you are.

VPOTUS: Okay, Tipper. What did you hear?

SLOTUS: First, no bus trip after the convention.

VPOTUS: Oh, man! I loved that bus trip!

SLOTUS: Also, you're only allowed a short speech. And you've got to make a lot of attack speeches.

VPOTUS: Who am I? Spiro Agnew?

SLOTUS: That's what I said at the meeting. And then everyone turned and looked at me. And Dick Morris asked my name. I scooted out pretty fast.

VPOTUS: Do you think they recognized you?

SLOTUS: C'mon. It's the White House. You know how lax security is over there. And I snuck back in after the meeting to see if they had left any strategy memos around.

VPOTUS: Had they?

SLOTUS: Hard to tell. Those Clinton people are so messy. Too bad I was dressed as a maid. I had to spend an hour cleaning up after them. Just as I was about to leave, Bill stuck his head into the room. He said "Tipper?" I just about died!

VPOTUS: Oh no! What did you do?

SLOTUS: I froze. Then I heard her voice from the hallway. "Tip her?" she said. "Why should we tip any of them?" And he nodded and shuffled off. Thank God those people are so rough on the help.

VPOTUS: I'm coming home, Tipper. You're getting into too much trouble.

SLOTUS: Then I better get out our power-walking shoes. [Static.] [END INTERCEPT]

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Class Action

JOHN O. McGINNIS

WHY does affirmative action refuse to disappear? Given its obvious injustice, and the fact that even on its own terms it fails—delivering racial spoils mainly to relatively privileged minorities rather than to the poor—one might well wonder. The answer is that racial preferences have been sustained and expanded because the Left is passionate in cleaving to its besetting error of this century, while the Right is embarrassed about its own worst mistake. That error, and that mistake, now seem ready to add an additional injustice—preferences based on class—to the one that already exists.

How did we reach this point? As the failures of socialism became manifest in the 1960s and '70s, the Left could no longer use the need for centralized economic planning to justify its support of massive bureaucratic power deployed to enforce equality. Accordingly, the Left seized on a real social evil—racial discrimination—and argued that remedying this wrong required that government not only prohibit discrimination but also affirmatively require proportionate representation for blacks in schooling and employment. As a result, centralized power had a renewed *raison d'être*, and new bureaucratic entities arose within state governments, universities, and corporations to comply with the racial ukases of federal judges and administrators. Over time the Left claimed that the government was also responsible for the proper representation of certain other minorities and women. The addition of these groups not only justified more elaborate regulations but seduced ever greater numbers of constituencies into supporting a regime of sorting by ethnicity and gender.

The Remedy: Class, Race, and Affirmative Action, by Richard D. Kahlenberg (Basic, 350 pp., $25)

Mr. McGinnis teaches law at Cardozo Law School, Yeshiva University, New York.

Meanwhile, because many conservatives were slow in deciding to oppose the institutions of Jim Crow, they have felt morally underqualified to combat these inappropriate remedies. Thus even as the public grows dissatisfied with race and gender preferences, many on the Right, including Speaker Gingrich, are reluctant to move aggressively to end them without finding substitutes to address the problem of concentrated black poverty.

Roberto Parada

In this climate, a proposal to institute a government-enforced scheme of preferences on the basis of class rather than race has begun to win plaudits not only from the Left but also from the Right. The attraction is obvious. Class preferences would enable the Left to jettison an increasingly unpopular program and replace it with one that would nevertheless maintain state power. As for the Right, by embracing a program that would offer putative benefits to the poorest in society, conservatives would be able to defend themselves against the charge that they are content to ignore the problems of minorities.

Fortunately, Richard Kahlenberg's *The Remedy*—the first book-length defense of class preferences—should permanently inoculate any thinking conservative against this virulent idea. Kahlenberg is so clear about the connection of class preferences to central tenets of left-wing thought, so confused in his philosophical defense of the concept, and so smug in his tone of moral superiority that he has performed the country a singular service.

Kahlenberg's first chapter is in fact devoted to tracing the lineage of class preferences back to the theorists behind the expansion of the welfare state. His thesis is that progressive thought took a disastrous turn when it began to focus on race rather than poverty. For instance, he approvingly quotes Gunnar Myrdal, who opposed race preferences, arguing instead for policies to "lift *all* the poor people out of poverty." Of course, Myrdal was a devoted socialist and his utopian idea of dissolving poverty through government programs was typical of views that inspired the War on Poverty—a war that Kahlenberg seems to believe could have succeeded if only state power had not been diverted to enforce a new egalitarianism centered on race and gender.

After this review of the Sixties' greatest failed social programs and theories, Kahlenberg tries to justify class-based preferences principally on the basis of equal opportunity. He argues that the disadvantage imposed on those who are born into families with low incomes or

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absent fathers conflicts with the American ideal of equal opportunity, because equal opportunity requires that each individual be judged on the basis of his or her abilities, and those abilities are unfairly affected by the happenstance of birth and upbringing.

But America has never insisted that individual talents be defined to exclude the contribution that family and neighborhood environment make to success. Indeed, why is it just to reward the innate intelligence of an individual more than the self-sacrificing investments his parents have made in his education and upbringing? Moreover, any serious attempt to equalize the starting positions of all Americans would require such consistent state intervention into family and social life as greatly to decrease human liberty—and would in fact undermine the family. Thus sound moral and political reasons underpin the more careful and circumscribed definition of equal opportunity familiar to the Founders of this republic: equal opportunity is realized when no class is privileged by the government and each individual has equal rights under the law.

Kahlenberg sometimes supplements his moral argument for class preferences by referring to "class injury," implicitly drawing an analogy between the injury inflicted on blacks by slavery and the injury inflicted on the poor by the economy. This is a ludicrous notion. While those enslaved were indeed terribly injured by slave owners, rich people can be viewed as the cause of poverty only from the perspective of Marxist delusion. In a free market the investments made by wealthy individuals in the end actually enrich not only themselves but the rest of society as well. Kahlenberg's invocation of "class injury" is particularly perverse as applied to one important class of largely poor individuals—recent immigrants to the United States. Under a system of class preferences, the children of a person who raised his income by immigrating but who remains relatively impoverished by American standards would receive a preference over the children of many who maintained the polity that made such economic opportunity available in the first place.

Kahlenberg's elucidation of the mechanics of the program he proposes reveals its dangers even more clearly than his justifications for it do. First, he acknowledges that the program would be coercive: the government would, for instance, effectively require educational institutions to use class-based preferences. Second, he recognizes that the criteria for class preference would necessarily be complex, including not only income but such factors as net wealth, family structure, the quality of school a person attended as measured by test scores, and the quality of the neighborhood he grew up in as measured by the concentration of poverty.

Again, it is clear why such a scheme appeals to leftists. The complex and elastic mandates that would enforce class preferences not only would sustain bureaucratic power but would have ripple effects, as universities and companies either replaced their affirmative-action specialists with class coordinators or simply changed their job descriptions. A class of individuals hostile both to merit and to the market would be kept inside the institutions of meritocracy and capitalism that represent the best hope for continuing to raise the living standards of the poor. Class preferences would also debase our democracy further because the power to determine their structure would become yet another engine of endless redistribution. Those who run for political office could attract the support of interest groups such as urban dwellers or single mothers by promising to skew the rules defining class in their favor.

Indeed, Kahlenberg's defense of these mechanisms even lets slip that the introduction of class-based preferences would fail to replace racial preferences and would only make them more covert. While he personally denies any interest in allowing class preferences to become a "Trojan horse" for race preferences, he spends pages detailing the manner in which the use of certain factors for measuring class (such as poor family structure or bad schools as indicated by low average test scores) would assure that minorities would obtain a high percentage of class preferences.

From their inception, racial preferences have survived only through deception: the strategy of their proponents has been to make them as opaque as possible to the general public through ever-changing euphemisms (from "affirmative action" to "diversity") and through complicated and hidden formulas (from "plus factors" to "race norming"). Against this background, class preferences should be seen simply as the ultimate disguise for race preferences. The malleability of class preferences would permit university administrators and others quietly to obtain the racially patterned outcomes they seek while declaring publicly that affirmative action has ended.

The mechanisms of class preference also show their continuity with many other of the worst social ideas of the last decades. If society ever accepts Kahlenberg's scheme, it will move us from defining deviance down to encouraging deviance. If you are divorced or, better yet, were never married, then your children by definition come from an at-risk family and may be preferred over those of a family that has stayed together. If you were kicked out of high school for bad behavior, then you score low in educational attainment and your child can get a jump on the children of those who stayed in school. The refrain of the Great Society—that children should not suffer because of their parents' sins—is no answer. The hard truth America is beginning to recover is that concern for the welfare and advancement of one's progeny is the greatest incentive to prudence, perseverance, and family stability that the world has ever known. Dilute that incentive further and watch the chaos that follows.

He personally denies any interest in allowing class preferences to become a 'Trojan horse' for race preferences

BEYOND such defects in reasoning, the very spirit of this book should repel anyone initially attracted to the idea of class preferences. From his acknowledgment page—where he emphasizes his two Harvard degrees and the time he has spent working on Capitol Hill, teaching at distinguished universities, and thinking in a think tank—Kahlenberg defines individuals by their status. Those who are low on the scale are in a terrible abyss and can be rescued only by a bureaucratic version of noblesse oblige. Most people, however, define themselves in a more capacious manner than Kahlenberg seems to think. The vast majority of Americans—

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even those below the median in status and income—nevertheless excel at some activity in which they take as much pride as Kahlenberg does in his achievements. A man is more than the sum of his race and class—a fact of which Kahlenberg takes no notice. This is one of the classic oversights of liberalism.

Throughout his book Kahlenberg insists that he is in perfect tune with progressive thought, and he turns out to be right. Class-based preferences capture the essence of contemporary left-wing political theory—an excessively materialist philosophy that nonetheless fails to deliver the goods. □

Founding Father

TERRY TEACHOUT

MOST Americans who know anything at all about the Thirties "know" there was a native fascist movement which was a clear and present danger to democracy, and that one of its leaders, Charles Coughlin, was a Roman Catholic priest who spewed anti-Semitic propaganda over network radio. It is a short step from such "knowledge" to the conclusion of the anonymous author of the present book's flap copy that Coughlin "paved the way for modern demagogues such as Gordon Liddy and Rush Limbaugh." There is a certain amount of truth in all these claims—even the last one, tendentiously put though it is—but truth, like God, is in the details, and the details of Father Coughlin's spectacular career, which are accurately set forth in this tediously written but factually sound academic study, are far more interesting than the caricature that has passed into historical legend.

Radio Priest: Charles Coughlin, the Father of Hate Radio, by Donald Warren (Free Press, 416 pp., $27.50)

Born in Ontario in 1891, Charles Edward Coughlin was a cradle Catholic raised on *Rerum Novarum*, the encyclical that called for what Donald Warren, the author of *Radio Priest*, clumsily but correctly describes as "the socially integrated (organic) community." Coughlin entered the priesthood in 1916, was transferred to the diocese of Detroit in 1924, built the Shrine of the Little Flower in 1926, and first went on the air that same year. His "Golden Hour" broadcasts were an overnight success, in part because of Coughlin's golden voice (one contemporary described it as "a voice of such mellow richness, such manly, heart-warming confidential intimacy, such emotional and ingratiating charm, that anyone tuning past it almost automatically returned to hear it again"), but also because of his ability to talk down to a mass audience. Radio, Coughlin explained, "must not be high hat. It must be human, intensely human. It must be simple."

Commercial radio was only six years old when Father Coughlin started broadcasting. Commentators with an instinctive understanding of what worked on radio were few and far between, which is undoubtedly why Coughlin was so popular: the medium was more important than the message. Even Catholic-hating families tuned in avidly to his weekly sermons, and what they heard increasingly had less to do with religion than with politics. Drawing his inspiration straight from the pages of *Rerum Novarum*, Father Coughlin served up a heady brew of "social justice" (the name of the weekly paper he launched in 1936) and fervent anti-Communism, a one-two punch guaranteed to appeal to lower-middle-class listeners living through the Great Depression.

Coughlin's attacks on Herbert Hoover, whom he called "the banker's friend, the Holy Ghost of the rich, the protective angel of Wall Street," soon brought him to the attention of Franklin Roosevelt. The two men were natural allies, not least because they both viewed laissez-faire capitalism with suspicion, and by 1932 Roosevelt was echoing Coughlin's rhetoric on the campaign trail, calling in one speech for "social justice through social action." But Coughlin was a money nut—he advocated a silver standard and the abolition of private banking and tax-exempt bonds—and it wasn't long before he broke with Roosevelt, dismissing the New Deal in 1935 as "two years of matching the puerile, puny brains of idealists against the virile viciousness of business and finance."

It was always probable that Coughlin would sooner or later waltz down the anti-Semitic path most money nuts eventually discover. As early as 1930, he was explaining to a congressional committee that the inventor of Bolshevism was "the Hebrew, Karl Marx," and informing his radio audience that "modern Shylocks have grown fat and wealthy, praised and deified, because they have perpetuated the ancient crime of usury under a modern racket of statesmanship"; by 1938, Coughlin was publishing *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* in *Social Justice* and claiming on the air that Kristallnacht was an understandable response to the subversive activities of Jewish Communists. Coughlin's adoption of explicit anti-Semitism and implicit pro-Nazism was a fatal mistake: Pearl Harbor put him beyond the pale, and he vanished into the memory hole. He spent the remainder of his life running the Shrine of the Little Flower (Tom Hayden went to school there, a fact that seems to have escaped Donald Warren's otherwise comprehensive attention) and playing the stock market, dying in obscurity in 1979.

Coughlin's economic credo was 'fascist' to the precise extent that it resembled the New Deal

Warren is the staunchest of liberals, but he is also an honest one, and the most useful thing about his book is the way it places Father Coughlin in the complex political crosscurrents of the Thirties. Coughlin's economic credo, for instance, was "fascist" to the precise extent that it resembled the New Deal, while his anti-Semitism was very much in the unhappy tradition of such Catholic apologists as G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc (the second of whom was a columnist for *Social Justice* in 1938). These two positions are, of course, interrelated: Coughlin, like Chesterton and Belloc, saw market capitalism as a threat to the organic social order in

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which all three men devoutly believed, and the fact that Jews figured prominently in both high finance and the Russian Revolution struck them, as it continues to strike paranoid populists, not as an intriguing historical phenomenon but as proof positive of the insidious influence of "international Jewry." (It is not even slightly surprising to learn that Coughlin came to believe FDR was Jewish: that was the way his mind worked.)

The Catholic hierarchy finally managed to silence Coughlin in 1942, but the terrified networks had long since pulled his plug. By then, independent editorial voices, whether lunatic or thoughtful, were no longer wanted: "news analysis" became the job of network employees, then was dispensed with altogether. Instead, reporters were allowed to fold commentary, all of it liberal, into their "objective" news stories (anybody who watched Bob Simon's anti-Likud reports from Israel on *The CBS Evening News with Dan Rather* in the weeks preceding the election of Benjamin Netanyahu knows how this process works). Today's talk-radio shows, most of which are more or less conservative, are a direct response to the liberal monopoly on broadcast commentary, and in this sense as much as any other are the offspring of Father Coughlin.

Needless to say, Coughlin would have been horrified to see the airwaves filled with pro-capitalist opinionizing: he would doubtless have favored the genteel statism of the nightly network newscasts. He might even have preferred Bob Simon to Rush Limbaugh—a nice example of the law of unintended consequences at work. □

How to Be a Detective

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

JAMES Bond holds an indisputable place in the pantheon of mythical archetypes, along with Sherlock Holmes, Tarzan, Jeeves, and Charlie Chan. Indeed, so familiar has he become that it's hard to convey the impact that Ian Fleming's books originally had; an impact reinforced, if not quite authentically, by the first two or three movies—before they degenerated into mechanized farce. What now seems routine was startling then.

Some hint may be gathered from the thought-provoking fact that, when Goldfinger hijacked a transatlantic Boeing, this struck readers as an astonishing *coup de théâtre*, because, at least as far as anyone could recall, no civilian airliner had ever been hijacked. When Bond tracked the villain's car, using a "homer" device, the idea so intrigued Allen Dulles, then head of the CIA, that he asked Fleming where he'd got it. "From a book called *How to Be a Detective* that I picked up for ten cents at Penn Station," Fleming replied.

Innocent days! and yet how knowing and sophisticated the books appeared; not so much because of the sex and violence (mild anyway by today's standards) against which the critics inveighed once James Bond's popularity had made the books a tempting target, but largely because of the third charge in their indictment—"snobbery," by which they meant what readers loved, that Ian Fleming was almost the first fiction writer to break away from the silly convention of using made-up names for hotels and shops, commodities and items of apparel. He liked quality and craftsmanship and was interested in how things worked; so Bond was equipped with the best in every field. The effect was to put a high gloss on the narrative—another thing that highbrows dislike.

Ian Fleming, by Andrew Lycett (Turner, 486 pp., $24.95)

"Snobbery" was always the wrong word. Bond didn't even possess a tailcoat and it was M, not he, who belonged to Blade's Club; and crusty old M was certainly no snob either. Fleming's own tastes were not particularly rarefied, in companionship or in lifestyle. He drank whisky, ate *oeuf en cocotte*, dressed (I thought) rather oddly—neatly, perhaps dramatically, rather than well. He played bridge and golf competently but never (I'm told) brilliantly. He moved in more or less upper-class, slightly louche circles, because that was the class to which he belonged. He resigned from White's Club, saying that the members "gassed too much," and joined Boodle's instead, equally top-drawer but somewhat less raffish. He liked to tease his friends by using their names for characters in the books, and he liked using the books, as their fame grew, to give a small boost to craftsmen of whom he approved.

> *'Snobbery' was always the wrong word. James Bond didn't even possess a tailcoat*

The first two in the series, *Casino Royale* and *Live and Let Die*, were published to little more than mildly good notices from regular reviewers. With the third, *Moonraker*, they started to take off, and the next, *From Russia with Love*, was helped by a dazzling new asset—the rose-and-pistol jacket design by a brilliant *trompe l'oeil* artist named Richard Chopping, whom Fleming personally commissioned and paid. Never was fifty guineas better spent. By the time of Fleming's death, thirty million copies of his books had been sold worldwide.

The whole phenomenon was relatively brief. Ian Fleming died only 11 years after the publication of *Casino Royale*. He had suffered an earlier heart attack, at which point I wrote his obituary for the London *Times*: he was kind enough to say, afterward, that he was glad it was I who was "to wield the black-feathered pen." The outline of his life was common knowledge. He had been born into an established merchant-banking family. His brother, Peter, in early days much the more famous, was a distinguished travel writer. He went to Eton, didn't take to banking or stockbroking, in 1933 covered a notorious Moscow spy trial for Reuter, served as a naval intelligence officer during World War II, and after the war became foreign manager for the *Sunday Times*. At the age of 44 he married his mistress of many years, Ann, the socially and sexually exciting wife of Lord Rothermere, proprietor of the *Daily Mail*. According to his own account, it was to distract

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s longtime London correspondent.*

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himself from this traumatic event that he sat down in Goldeneye, his house in Jamaica, and began writing his first novel. "Hammering out pornography," Ann called it, with her usual epistolary exaggeration and disdain for his work. He claimed to be merely updating Bulldog Drummond. Neither description was quite true, but both are characteristic.

In London the Flemings were surrounded by a smart, gossipy, social/literary circle. Or, at least, Ann was. Ian didn't enjoy her salons. They had a son, Caspar, whose life somehow went wrong; he was just 12 when his father died and was to commit suicide at age 23.

Two years after Fleming's death, a *Sunday Times* colleague, John Pearson, wrote a perfectly adequate but not very revealing biography. Now, thirty years later, comes this new biography by Andrew Lycett, cleanly written and most scrupulously researched. In the course of writing it the author changed his focus. He had intended a book that would link Fleming's wartime experiences with the novels, presenting him indeed as a kind of prototype Bond. However, Lycett came to realize that the personal story—Fleming's complex, moody personality, the adulterous romance which soured as a marriage, the social background, the spectacular success, and the growing discontent—was far more intriguing.

Lycett is, in fact, weakest on the books; he scarcely tries to fit them into the context of the thriller genre. The personal story he illumines with much new detail, and describes what Pearson was not allowed to mention, Ian's late-flowering consolatory relationship with a lady in Jamaica.

There have been two made-for-television bio-pics of Ian Fleming's life, the second—dealing only with the early years and starring Jason Connery, son of Sean, playing him very much as a proto-Bond—quite hilariously bad. I watched them fascinated, incredulous as one is almost bound to be when actors represent people one knew in the flesh. Of course, it's an unfair test. The actors can never look or sound quite right. When Dan Massey played Noël Coward in *Star!* the lines were written (though uncredited) by Coward himself: but they still seemed unconvincing.

The problem becomes more subtle when raised by an excellent biography, such as this is. Lycett never knew Fleming. If the picture to emerge is not quite consonant with what friends remember, who's right? The biographer almost certainly knows much more about the subject's life than they do: and yet they possess one vital advantage which he lacks. What was image, what was reality, which the ghost, which the man? Probably all that can really be asked is that the biographer should convey to readers something, vivid and accurate, of the impression that his subject made on contemporaries. By this test, Lycett succeeds pretty well; as he does in the other prime requirement—that the book should be readable.

The story comes out perhaps a little more melancholy than it need have been. Fleming was, after all, excellent company most of the time; a man's man who was also a ladies' man. And he enjoyed his achievement. He enjoyed the business (and very big business it was) of selling James Bond.

Ah well, they're all gone now. Ian, the romantic fantasist with a bitter core; Annie, with her man-eating charm and her coterie of bitchy friends; even poor Caspar, who should have had so much and had so little. But the books remain, a long step forward from most of the thrillers that preceded them and far better than most of the imitations that have followed. The quality we found in them was not an illusion. The set-pieces really were stunning—the baccarat game in *Casino Royale*, Dr. No's tunnel of death, Rosa Klebb's poisoned shoes, the bobsleigh chase in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, the climax of *Diamonds Are Forever* aboard the *Queen Elizabeth*. I've been reading some of them, and now want to read all of them, again. □

Lonely at the Top

TRACY LEE SIMMONS

IN 1950 Jacob Neusner entered what seemed to him an enchanted garden. "To set foot on a university campus in those days opened the way to paradise," he writes with a sanguinity that those who followed can only imag-

The Price of Excellence: Universities in Conflict during the Cold War Era, by Jacob Neusner and Noam M. M. Neusner (Continuum, 252 pp., $24.95)

inc. This deeply engaging new book, half memoir, half history, recounts the academy's trials and aspirations over the last fifty years as seen through the eyes of one who had a front-row seat for almost the entire period.

Books on academia's troubles continue to pour forth, and most have something to recommend them. This one, though, ought to be required reading for freshmen: it explains much in short order about what this strange, exciting, and expensive enterprise called Going to College should be all about; it also explains how colleges and universities have come to betray the trust of their wards and of their wards' parents. It also possesses a poignancy some of those freshmen would appreciate.

Neusner, a professor of religious studies at the University of South Florida and one of America's most distinguished thinkers on religious and cultural issues, tells the story of how he rose through the academic ranks, of how he saw the academic world first as a student and then as a scholar, sometimes at stormy cross-purposes with col-

What Mr. Chips taught is still true (Latin changes little), and he was anything but lazy

leagues who had signed off on priorities which he couldn't abide. The narrative is filled out by Neusner's son, who outlines the broader shifts in the academic life lived by his father's generation, highlighting particularly the growing role of government.

Institutional academic involvement in public policy, they remind us, is nothing new. The government first got involved with the universities on a massive scale during World War II in concerted exer-

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tions for the war effort. The Manhattan Project was the crowning achievement of the partnership, which survived the war, especially in the natural and physical sciences. Other links such as the GI Bill ushered in a new world of unimaginably expanded opportunities. But this period also witnessed escalating government intrusion in education as the power of law and the constraints of the purse came to dictate course offerings and admissions; the consequences have spread until, today, the idiocy on our campuses runs the gamut from speech codes to subliterate undergraduates.

The Neusners regret the loss of the dispassionate search for knowledge that once characterized academic pursuits. Politics reigns. The sciences are assailed by lack of funds and direction, the social sciences have become soft and stupid, and the humanities—don't ask. "Scholarship in literature, history, philosophy, and the study of religion trivializes . . . opinion and now denies itself the power to make responsible judgments or form compelling arguments for one thing against some other. Anything goes." Is it any wonder, they ask, that students now believe "'I think' or 'Well, that's my opinion' form primary data in the analysis of all manner of subjects"? It's one thing not to know something; that can be remedied by learning, easily or arduously acquired. It's another not to know you don't know something. This kind of ignorance is virtually insuperable because it fiddles in the dark and never has call to emerge from it.

Then there are assorted colleagues on various faculties, a mixed lot at best. According to Neusner, the chairman of the religious-studies department at Brown once advised him on getting along: "Your problem is, you do everything too well, you write well, you teach well . . . you publish a lot. In fact, you're a pain for everybody in the department . . . don't do so much, so you won't get kicked out of Brown."

Neusner still believes in the model of university life that arose from the postwar world, which strikes a balance for professors between teaching and research, an ideal hardly assailable in theory. Still one may wonder whether an overemphasis on research has not crippled the last couple of generations. Neusner finds stagnant that older world where professors just taught the same old things and never made gains in their fields—the image of Mr. Chips, whom some believed to be "a lazy time-waster, who taught what was, anyhow, no longer true."

But what Chips taught *is* still true (Latin changes little) and of value, and he was anything but lazy. To their credit, Neusner says, universities are "no longer mere repositories of what humanity more or less knows, they [have] become bastions of criticism, sources of new ideas and fresh critical perspectives." Here is my only qualm: humanity might "more or less" know it, but individual human beings don't. For all their gifts, the gallant researchers and innovators, in their zeal, have neglected to teach the foundations, opting instead to spotlight "creative" or "fresh" approaches. It's the spirit that sets even a well-trained teacher to assigning Maya Angelou instead of Chaucer; the passion of the Zeitgeist is consulted, not the student's need. The academy must be reminded that it has a legacy to pass on and that a mind should not attempt to be critical until it has something to base its criticism on. □

DELECTATIONS

The Allure of Allure

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

THE British press has been in libidinous overdrive recently, what with Princess Di, the Duchess of York, and James Hewitt spilling their respective beans, but lecherous royals aside, many headlines have been about "allure"—as in alluring women. A trendy monthly magazine listed the fifty most alluring women of this century. Now that's what I call a true delectation. But what exactly is the definition of allure?

Is it mystery? Sensuality? Wit? Elegance? I'd say a mixture of all of the above. By definition allure is an ability to charm and attract. Someone described it as "nine-tenths mystery and one-tenth history."

I'll go a bit further. Allure for your correspondent has a lot to do with imperfections. There is nothing like a physical imperfection in an otherwise beautiful woman to add to her allure. For example: my all-time most alluring woman, Ava Gardner, had shoulders much too wide and legs much too short, but she had allure with a capital A. This can also apply to character. Vivien Leigh, another favorite, was physically perfect, but suffered from manic depression and a tendency to drink too much. The sight of the most beautiful woman in the world being sad and a bit tipsy fired one's imagination.

So, who are the fifty most alluring women of our time? I will only list those whose placement on the list I agree with, leaving out some I consider real whoppers—this being a Christian and elegant publication. After all, they say the definition of a gentleman is one who has never made a lady feel less than one, so mum's the word for those who don't make the Taki cut. Ironically, most of the unmentionable are young and alive, which says a lot about modern tastes.

The sight of the most beautiful woman in the world being sad and a bit tipsy fired one's imagination

Ava Gardner and Vivien Leigh I have already mentioned. They are both perfect 10s where allure is concerned. Greta Garbo ditto. I once went on a short trip on Aristotle Onassis's fabled yacht *Christina*, and *la* Garbo was on board. Never have I met a bigger bore. She talked only about how expensive things were—this was 1957—and when not talking prices she was on about health. Back in those halcyon days health as a subject was on a par with sex and money. Nobody talked about it. Nevertheless the melancholy Swede

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oozed allure and put the rest of the glittering crowd to shame.

Cyd Charisse is another. Her smoldering dark looks, her perfect figure, her unapproachability, and, of course, her mystery make her as alluring as it's possible to be. Who will ever forget her dancing with Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly in those wonderful musicals of the Fifties? Her inaccessibility I know of first hand. She must have been in her late fifties when I was introduced to her in Cap d'Antibes by Polly Bergen. We went for a swim together and in no time she had made it very clear that she was happily married to singer Tony Martin and that she considered my invitation to dinner offensive. Score one for family values as well as allure.

Isabella Rossellini does not have a perfect figure, far from it, but her warmth, vulnerability, and intelligence, combined with her physical imperfections, make me award her an 11. Charlotte Rampling is the English actress who looks as tortured on screen as in real life. She has those marvelous hooded blue eyes that shout mystery, and the fact that she refused to go Hollywood but spent her life in the City of Lights helps in the allure department.

Greta Scacchi, Julie Christie, and Catherine Deneuve have that haunting, nostalgic presence that we associate with long-ago glamor and mystique—in fact, they are the incarnation of grace and beauty. In order not to include only actresses, I will also mention Barbara Amiel, wife of press tycoon Conrad Black. And horror of horrors, the lady's chief asset is her brain.

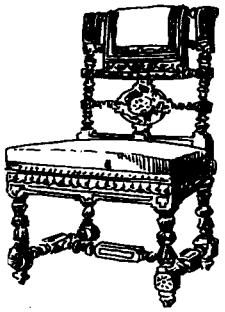
My last choice is a young English actress, Gabrielle Anwar, who gets a 12. She was the girl who danced the tango with Al Pacino in *Scent of a Woman*. Let the exhibitionist Sharon Stone stir heat among the plebs. Miss Anwar is not only staggeringly beautiful, she is astral, innocent, and yet very sensual. I'd give up wine, women, gambling, nightclubbing, smoking, even martial arts for just one tango with her. □

FILM

Midsummer Musings

JOHN SIMON

NOTHING succeeds like excess, said Oscar Wilde, and this summer's movies are hell-bent on proving him right. Folks did not know how good they had it when they complained about sex and violence preponderating in the movies; at least the one was a relief from the other. Now it seems to be nothing but violence, wall to wall, and thus duller and worse. If one of the two had to go, I wish it had been violence, which is a form of aggression, of hate.



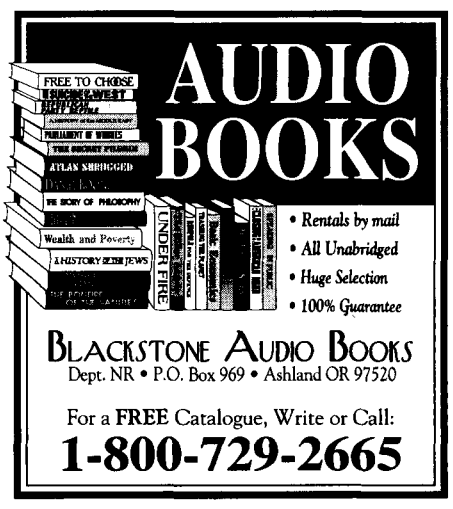
Sex, however, at all but the lowest level, has some kinship with love. And to the extent that it bares the human body, it offers us something beautiful to look at. If, as has been claimed, emulation results, intercourse is better than beatings and bloodshed. To be sure, I am not simplistically assuming that life automatically imitates the screen. But films of superviolence, such as the current ***Eraser*** or ***The Rock***, may be dangerous—not so much because of their villains as because of their unconquerable heroes. If an Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Eraser* proves superhumanly indestructible, this sends a message to immature minds, by which I don't mean just the young, but the vast majority of all moviegoers.

For the one message our movies drum in above all others is the hero's invincibility. Though the cinematic protagonist, because of written or unwritten laws, is always on the side of the law, the viewer may discount this detail. Schwarzenegger, multi-wounded, remains basically inviolate, and the wounds soon vanish. In ***Striptease***, Demi Moore, playing a young mother improbably forced to become a stripper, gets involved with every kind of lowlife including murderers, but stays unscathed, untainted, victorious. This is where the peril resides. The invariably repeated notion of the mentally and physically superior being overcoming everyone and everything is balefully seductive. A thousand copulating bodies, whether shot tastelessly or tastefully, cannot begin to match in power of suggestion this ubiquitous invincibility.

Folks did not know how good they had it when they complained about sex and violence in the movies

And if such omnipotence exists, why can't it come down, in uncensored real life, on the side of the lawbreaker: drug dealer, mafioso, murderer? Happy the country that has no need of heroes, said Bertolt Brecht, who certainly was no hero, but a highly talented and successful swine. Yet in its swinish way, the swine was right.

True, the invincibility may be so glaringly fake that even the dumbest audience may not swallow it whole. Thus when Schwarzenegger, in free fall from a plane, catches up with a parachute tossed out earlier, straps it on in midair, and gets it to open, then lands on a car and smashes its roof but not himself, he asks, "Where am I?" A small, cute black child answers, "Earth." Appropriate, because what with his quasi-supernatural powers, he might as well be from another planet, even if he is not as tentacular as the giant-octopus-like invaders from outer space in ***Independence Day***. Nonpolypoid omnipotence is preferable.



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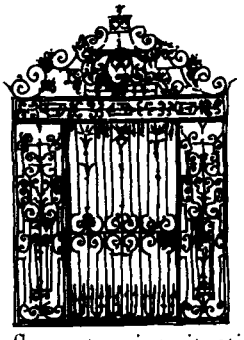
To make invincibility even more socially redeeming, it has been gussied up with racial and religious tolerance. In *Eraser*, Arnold is a U.S. marshal in the Witness Protection Program, who wipes out all traces of endangered testifiers, and gets them renamed and reborn elsewhere. Here it is Vanessa Williams, who testifies against an arms manufacturer selling a superweapon to a foreign power. Granted, no one reeks more of foreign power than Schwarzenegger, whose Teutonic accent is worthy of Kissinger. But he is made especially endearing by falling for the heroine, who is black. Here comes the shiftiness: Miss Williams scarcely looks black—at most like August Wilson, the palest playwright ever to capitalize on his negritude.



In *Independence Day*, socially redeeming context makes the brain that saves our planet belong to an earnest young Jewish scientist, whose closest co-worker is flagrantly homosexual, and whose father is a proto–Borscht Belt comedian who tags (and wisecracks) along with his son right to the White House, before, like other landmarks, it is blown up by the aliens from their flying saucers. Correction: flying serving plates, for the main space ship is many times the size of your average flying saucer. When the danger of annihilation is greatest, the father leads everybody in a Jewish prayer service. As someone protests that he is not Jewish, Pop replies, "That's all right. Nobody's perfect." An *hommage* to the famed closing line of *Some Like It Hot*.

Do not misunderstand: I am all for equality and fraternity. And, of course, Hollywood is unsubtle. Still, when the noble yet tricky ideal is treated with comic-strip oversimplification, I worry how it will affect the audience. In this film, the heroes further include a drunkard, a stripper, and a U.S. President who starts as a nerd and ends as a tremendous fighter pilot. But the real superheroes are that Jewish scientist and a black Marine pilot, the latter able, in a close encounter of the absurd kind, to throw a knockout punch at a many-tentacled invader. His girlfriend, a black stripper, is the nicest and feistiest woman you could ask for, who can maneuver a small son and his big dog through a firestorm, and brings the dying First Lady to her husband. It is all a bit too schematically righteous and self-righteous.

And isn't it likewise a bit manipulative when that other maternally protective, immaculate, and indomitable stripper, Demi Moore in *Striptease*, strips in the most classily designed outfits, far outstripping what her colleagues get to wear, one of them even having to make do sartorially with an eight-foot, forty-pound Burmese python wrapped around her?

The socially redemptive element—to offset the corrupt and sexually perverted congressman played ludicrously by Burt Reynolds—appears in the person of the strip joint's black bouncer, compellingly portrayed by Ving Rhames, who clearly has a powerful crush on Miss Moore. He moonlights as her personal bodyguard in life-threatening situations, but, not being light-complected like Vanessa Williams, cannot become romantically involved with his precious charge. Yet he emerges as the most selfless platonic lover in recent cinematic history, and gets most of the good one-liners.

But not quite so good as Schwarzenegger's *mot* as he shoots an alligator bent on making steak tartare of him: "You're luggage!" (Or, more precisely, "Ure luggitch!") Have you noticed, by the way, how often a movie's most quotable line is a lethal kiss-off? This one surpasses Arnold's previous terminatorial high, "*Hasta la vista*, baby!" but probably falls short of Clint Eastwood's magisterial "Make my day!"

■ An endangered species viewed more sympathetically than the alligator is the fatso. In ***The Nutty Professor***, where Eddie Murphy has a dual personality as a lovably lumbering Leviathan housing within himself a dashing but dastardly thin man, it is, needless to say, the former that gets the girl. In the happily ending Disney perversion of ***The Hunchback of Notre Dame***, Quasimodo —now called Quasi, a term applicable to all characters in a Disney adaptation —is not so much unsightly as a cutesy cartoon version of Nathan Lane, America's most beloved butterball since he starred in *The Birdcage*.

Perhaps the most touching paean to pudginess is ***Heavy***, another dismal film crowned by the Sundance Festival. The writer-director James Mangold has, we are told, "struggled with a desire to make films that are classically structured and broadly appealing, yet simultaneously rebelliously personal," and has here, allegedly, succeeded. I would bet that Mangold is, or was, chubby from the way he lovingly dawdles over the fat pizza cook, played by the utterly charmless Pruitt Taylor Vince (I would also bet that the actor is really called Vince Taylor Pruitt), who silently yearns for a young waitress played by *Stealing Beauty*'s Liv Tyler, here equally beauteous and blah. Unfortunately, it takes more than inarticulate obesity to make a character broadly appealing.

Sympathy for the overfed underdog may be the ultimate form of political correctness in which this summer's films wallow. The one exception is a German import, ***Maybe . . . Maybe Not***, which has been trounced by reviewers for its incorrectness, but brashly and consistently funny. □

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Last of the Savages, by Jay McInerney (Knopf, 271 pp., $24)

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ARKES

(Continued from page 49)

of the couples by combining in themselves the features of both parents.

These meanings are so evident, these natural correspondences so fixed, that nothing in them is impaired if a couple happens to be incapable of begetting children. Their marital acts retain the same significance in the unitive scheme of marriage. But if marriage were detached from that "natural teleology of the body," this question may be posed: On what ground of principle could the law confine marriage to "couples"? If the law permitted the marriage of people of the same sex, what is the ground on which the law would refuse to recognize a "marriage" among people who profess that their own love is not confined to a coupling of two, but connected in a larger cluster of three or four? And if that arrangement of plural partners were permitted to people of the same sex, how could it be denied in principle to ensembles of mixed sexes?

At the hearings, the redoubtable Dennis Prager raised, in this vein, the question of the "bisexual": she may love a man and a woman—why should she not be allowed to marry the ones she loves? Is her nature, or her sexual orientation, not to be respected? Ed Fallon, an Iowa state legislator, had testified at the hearings in favor of gay marriage, and when the problem of polygamy was posed to him by Rep. James Sensenbrenner (R., Wisc.), he remarked that polygamy simply "isn't a big issue" in his state. It seems to have eluded this earnest man that polygamy does not happen to be an issue in his state precisely because the law, for many years, has cast up serious barriers against it.

When the proponents of gay marriage thus show a flippant disregard for polygamy, they show not only a want of historical memory, but a dimness of moral imagination. They resemble those people, described by Aristotle, for whom life is but "a succession of unrelated emotional experiences," bearing little connection in principle. And they may be the first to record their astonishment as their policies begin to generate effects they had never, for a moment, expected.

We have drifted now so far from any awareness of the moral foundations of the law that Mr. Sam Donaldson could earnestly ask: Just what "compelling interest" would the state have, after all, in the intimate relations of marriage? It used to be understood that the family is the "coiner" of citizens, and it mattered profoundly to the community that its citizens were not spawned in random relations. Aristotle remarked, in a fascinating passage in the *Politics*, that "the polis [or the polity] is prior in the order of nature to the family." Of course Aristotle never suffered any doubt that people were quite capable of having sexual relations even before the advent of government—and even on those occasions when governments broke down. What he meant, rather, was that the notion of what constituted a "family" was always enveloped by the moral understandings that pervade the community and find expression in the laws.

And yet, the Democrats insisted that there was something "divisive" about the Defense of Marriage Act—a claim that was awkwardly belied by the vote in the House: 346 to 67. On the contrary, the measure commanded a consensus that cut across the parties. Still, even within the consensus there were remarkable differences. Only one Republican voted against this bill. To be more precise, then, the bill was not divisive in the country; it was divisive only among Democrats. Only the Democrats, in their current state, could strain over the proposition that a marriage means "a legal union between one man and one woman as husband and wife."

The British comedian Dennis Norden unfolded one of his stories, in which he returned home, breathless, and exclaimed to his father, "Dad . . . Dad, I'm in love with a girl." And his father replied, "Son, you've made a wise choice." That line, spoken over the BBC twenty years ago, might not be regarded as funny today. But the sentiment still rings; it is still a wise choice. □

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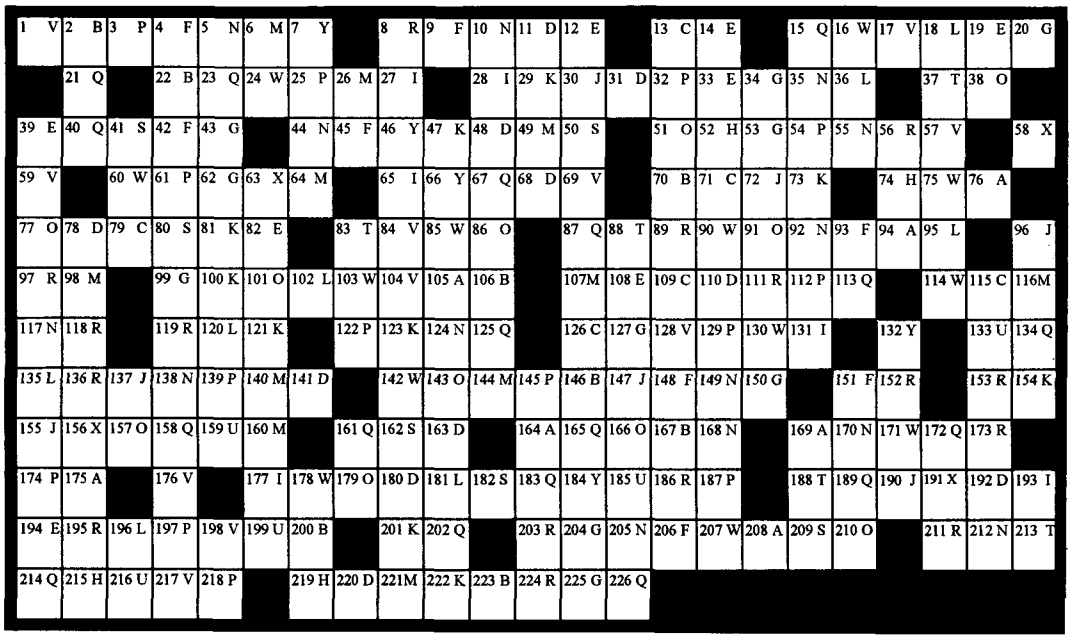
TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner



DEFINITIONS

A. Type of airs played on fife and drum — 164 94 175 76 105 208 169

B. He left Troy on Aeneas's shoulders — 167 200 106 70 2 223 146 22

C. Sexually virtuous — 109 115 71 79 13 126

D. Symbolic, metaphorical — 78 110 141 163 180 48 192 220 31 68 11

E. Sequoias — 19 108 33 39 194 14 82 12

F. Famous Andean lake — 151 148 4 206 42 9 93 45

G. Home to Germany's oldest university — 43 225 127 20 99 204 53 34 62 150

H. Bring to ruin — 52 74 219 215

I. Finely muscled (slang) — 131 193 28 177 27 65

J. Roman province between Po and Alps — 72 30 147 155 190 137 96

K. Gut — 123 154 47 121 100 81 29 222 201 73

L. Capable of, or marked by, reason — 181 120 36 135 18 102 196 95

M. Hellespont — 107 144 6 98 140 49 160 64 26 116 221

N. Socialist anthem — 92 149 205 124 117 35 212 138 10 5 44
170 168 55

O. Home to Baseball Hall of Fame — 157 86 101 77 210 166 51 91 179 143 38

P. Kipling's tales of Mowgli and Co. (3 words) — 197 129 187 54 139 112 25 218 32 122 61
174 145 3

Q. Political art which Clintons brought to new (and lawless) lows (2 words) — 158 87 134 165 183 23 161 214 202 125 226
113 172 189 21 15 67 40

R. Most miserable of Rousseau's bastard progeny? (2 words) — 8 195 118 97 56 119 136 173 186 152 89
203 224 111 153 211

S. Hijacks — 162 182 41 50 209 80

T. Dostoyevsky's answer to Diogenes's want-ad? — 37 188 83 88 213

U. Peter — 133 185 159 199 216

V. War in which Cronus, Oceanus, etc., were attacked by Olympians — 57 198 128 217 84 59 104 176 17 1 69

W. Great power checked by Europe at Lepanto (2 words) — 75 85 114 103 207 142 24 130 60 171 90
178 16

X. Scold — 156 63 58 191

Y. Ireland's greatest poet — 7 66 132 46 184

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and the title (or topic) of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definition on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. HUME: *Magna Carta's Ample Articles*: "It must be confessed that the latter involve all the chief outlines of a legal government, and provide for the equal distribution of justice, and free enjoyment of property; the great objects for which political society was first founded by men."

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Looming Coalition: Mailer–Buchanan

NEW YORK, JULY 12

If you want to know what's going on on the outré culture front, listen in. It is Norman Mailer, America's premier literary figure, featured in the current issue of *Esquire* magazine. Doing what? "Searching for Deliverance." Doing what, *exactly*? Interviewing Pat Buchanan. The mandate? "Imagine a nation in which the Right and the Left unite to combat the unchecked power of corporate America and the craven accommodations of Bill Clinton's Boutique Politics. That time could yet come, says the author, who finds Patrick J. Buchanan an authentic populist and a most unlikely soul mate in the pursuit of a radical new society."

There follows the most endless article since the days of the old *New Yorker*. It is worth exploring for those who have a sweet tooth for Mailer's political soliloquies. After all, he won all those prizes for his book on the sit-in against the Pentagon back in 1968. There, as here, he referred to himself in the third person. And here, as there, he reminds us that he is the screwiest political analyst of the postwar world.

But why not ask, Has he discovered something? Is there a latent nexus between the Left and the Right in America, first spotted from a peak in Brooklyn, looking out at Pat Buchanan's campaign?

Mailer reminds us that he himself is a veteran political warrior, that among other things he ran for mayor of New York in the 1969 primary (his running-mate was Jimmy Breslin). Mailer gave the campaign everything he had (and got 5 per cent of the vote). Mailer thinks that political tensions in the United States in the past four or five years are the worst in memory. He tells his readers that for that reason he gave serious thought to entering the Democratic primaries, but there were several factors working against his making a race. One of them that his wife was absolutely opposed, another that he feels the weight of his 73 years. A pity, because what he has working for him, he tells us, is not only his political vision but a personal history that leaves absolutely nothing for the pappparazzi. "I've been married six times. I committed a felonious assault against my second wife. I've been untrue to every woman I cared about. Gentlemen and ladies of the press: Do your worst! I've broken through the media barrier. There's nothing to ransack in the closet."

He tells us that he voted for Clinton, quite enthusiastically, but since then got fed up with what he calls Clinton's "boutique politics." "Clinton soon proceeded to become too many things to too many: pro-choice, pro-feminist, pro-black, pro-gay, pro-church-on-Sunday, pro-family-values, pro-Hollywood, even pro-corporate-business to the degree they would accept him; if it came to it, and it would, he would be pro-military, pro-combat. Wars were the first emolument of incumbency!" (His exclamation point.)

But now he had spotted the great evil. Whereas the Government has bad moments, at least it is under scrutiny. Not so the Corporation, which "can sequester itself from inquiry with echelons of lawyers and vaults of massive banks. Within its worldwide net, a horde of secrets worked like termites to generate money."

Now Mailer saw in Buchanan, with his strictures against NAFTA and GATT, an anti-corporation soul mate. He wondered whether that might be the beginning of a great political romance. "How far to the economic Left was Buchanan willing to go?"

They met at Buchanan's house in the country and touched on many points. Mailer was anxious to show Buchanan that the Cold War was really a fake, at least for the last thirty years, that by the time Reagan got to the White House, the Soviet Union was just a "palooka." But Buchanan wouldn't buy that, insisting that Reagan had done an inventive job in Afghanistan, Angola, Grenada.

Well, wouldn't Pat agree that the Pentagon should be reduced in size? Well, Buchanan thought we had no business undertaking those imperial practices like keeping troops in Germany and South Korea, but he did think ours should be the finest military in the world.

What they could agree on was the dehumanization of labor. Mailer in particular can't stand the enormous increase in advertising budgets. "What we have now is a huge amount of needless advertising." (Figures: In 1995, all advertising equaled 2.2 per cent of GDP. In 1987, 2.3 per cent. In 1929, 2.8 per cent.) Stop the advertising! Make the product better! Then sell it for less! And, yes, pay the worker more!

Mailer didn't have much luck on abortion, even though Mailer himself says that abortion is killing—but then all life is about killing. On anti-Semitism, Mailer says his fellow Jews are too antsy.

Mailer's conclusion? "The liberation of labor is the first of the liberations." The meaning of this?

Who knows. And that's after a ten-thousand-word reading investment. □

"On the President's new tax plan—I'd like to volunteer for the control group."

Okay: For Veep?

NEW YORK, JULY 16

Speculation on who will be named (or should be) as vice-presidential candidate alongside Bob Dole discloses one or more disqualifying characteristics. James Baker is too establishmentarian, Jack Kemp and Bill Bennett too mistaken on immigration, Dan Lungren not well enough known, Tom Ridge too weak on abortion, Don Nickles too hidebound against abortion, John Engler too uncharismatic, George Voinovich too fond of taxes, Dick Cheney too fragile in health, etc. etc. etc. The point of this exercise is that something could be found to disqualify George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams. There is something wrong with everybody except thee and me, and sometimes I'm not all that sure about thee.

My own rule dates back to 1964 when I earnestly pleaded, in public and in private, that Senator Barry Goldwater name Dwight Eisenhower as his Vice President. On that proposal there were two camps of killjoys. The first maintained that an Eisenhower in the Executive Office would diminish the luster of a bright conservative activist in the White House. The second, that the Twenty-Second Amendment stood in the way. The answer to the first was that Ike's political positions were substantially irrelevant—Goldwater was a voice, not an echo. The answer to the second objection was that the Twenty-Second Amendment forbids the election as President, not Vice President, of anyone who has served two terms.

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My point then was, and continues to be, that a vice-presidential candidate should be named with almost exclusive concern for the strength contributed to the ticket. To refuse to vote for a President whose views are congenial with yours because the Vice President's views are less than congenial is the equivalent of voting on the assumption that the President will die in office. That doesn't happen very often.

If the only idea is to win, there is one electric possibility: Elizabeth Dole.

Yes, that would be the most brazen act of nepotism in democratic political history, and as a matter of decorum, Senator Dole should coyly leave the scene, assigning implicit responsibility to the convention delegates, who of course have explicit responsibility to begin with. Obviously he would need to let it be known that he would not attempt to veto her selection.

Now what would be accomplished by naming her?

There is simply zero question about her qualification to serve. She is a lawyer, Harvard Law School no less. She has served two Presidents in the Cabinet, as Secretary of Transportation and of Labor. She was selected as President of the American Red Cross, which is very far removed from the sinecure class. She has appeared everywhere in America always leaving the impression of a superbly competent human being with a comprehensive knowledge of public affairs. And—

Yes, she is a woman. Geraldine Ferraro is a woman. What did that do for Vice President Mondale? Nothing. But that tends to happen the first time around. Al Smith, the first Catholic to run for President, was slaughtered. Jack Kennedy made it. Geraldine Ferraro suffered from some of her husband's difficulties with Eagle Scout rules. Mrs. Dole has no such problems. Mrs. Ferraro was good at political repartee, but has nothing like the comprehensive skills of Mrs. Dole. A debate between Elizabeth Dole and Al Gore would be a splendid event, and may the best woman win.

To look at it in a different way, one that seeks to inquire into the dramatic possibilities open to Senator Dole: 1) At this moment his campaign is dead on its feet. His only immediately visible assets are the negative emanations of Mr. Clinton. If the Republican alternative were a pure abstraction—a merely mythical figure—that abstraction would at this point have about the same standing in the polls that Mr. Dole has. 2) There is a gender gap. Mr. Dole is acutely aware of this and seeks to do something about it, e.g., mitigating the militancy of his pro-life position. There would surely be no movement more decisive among inert women voters than the naming of a woman to the post. But women voters of this category are not galvanized by the mere nomination of a woman. Nothing would hurt their cause more than to come up with a semi-competent woman candidate.

There is no such risk with Elizabeth Dole. As happened in Great Britain with Margaret Thatcher, it would instantly be established that a woman can handle government leadership as well as anybody.

The only problem one can see is that the Secret Service, if existing rules were applied, would forbid Mr. and Mrs. Dole to fly in the same airplane. A tolerable privation. □

Zounds! Enforcing The Law in Idaho!

NEW YORK, JULY 9

The *Wall Street Journal* reports on Gem County in Idaho, which is conducting a daredevil experiment with the law, by enforcing it. Sitting in the statute books all these years is a little derelict that says that "any unmarried person who shall have sex with an unmarried person of the opposite sex shall be found guilty of fornication." The county prosecutor whose bright idea was to apply the law didn't do so indiscriminately. To have done this would of course have meant to repeal the Playboy Philosophy, and nobody thinks himself grand enough or powerful enough to accomplish that. But Mr. Douglas Varie decided to focus on just one aspect. Teenage pregnancy.

As everybody (almost everybody) knows, there is such a thing as prosecutorial discretion, which means that you can't defy the cop who stops you for speeding on the grounds that he didn't stop the other guy for speeding. There are exceptions. If prosecutorial conduct bumps into the civil-rights laws, then intervention by the courts can be tried. If only Hispanics or women are stopped for speeding, they can complain and get a hospitable hearing.

But Mr. Varie didn't start snooping around in motels or parking lots overlooking the scenic splendors of the State of Idaho. He started looking for pregnant teenagers. In fact, he narrowed the search still further. He has been looking for pregnant teenagers who apply for welfare.

Having done this, he then looks for the feller who got the girl in the family way. And although this is often another teenager, sometimes it is not, for instance in a recent case in which the stud, Michael Hopkins, was 22 years old. The penalty for lewd and lascivious behavior can be life imprisonment. Nobody expects this to happen, but the mere thought of it might interfere with Michael's cocksureness in future encounters. (One pregnant girl was sentenced to thirty days for a misdemeanor and she was quite shocked by the severity of the sentence.) The prosecutor pointed out that the community had every right to be shocked at the prospect of a child being born out of wedlock, which increases by a very high percentage the probability that that child will end up in prison, on welfare, illiterate, and on drugs.

Needless to say, the American Civil Liberties Union has got into the act, though it isn't absolutely clear what case it has. The prosecutor asked the general question: Does the community intend to enforce the law against statutory rape? This is defined as sexual encounters with girls under a certain age. What does one do, he asked, in a situation in which a 15-year-old girl is made pregnant by a 22-year-old man, and declines to charge her companion with rape? The common-law provision in such cases is to pronounce any sexual intercourse with under-age girls as that exactly —rape. And whatever ambiguities beset the law when deciding whether sexual congress took place, there aren't any when the girl is pregnant.

The Idaho experiment reminds us once again of a paradox in the development of social practices in free societies. It is that these societies suffer from heavy criticism of their toughness (the Darwinian reproach) but shrink from getting the benefits from toughness. We terribly much want American children to learn to read and write, and we offer them public facilities in which to learn how to do this. But if they refuse to learn, we do—nothing. We very much desire that youngsters not band together in gangs that harass innocent people, but on the whole, we do nothing about them. We terribly want boys and girls not to create children doomed to neglect, but far from discouraging such activity, we subsidize it.

A free society is one that in most cases imposes penalties by its own devices. If you start a mousetrap factory and produce a product less successful than that of your competitors, what happens is that you go broke. The people who work for you lose their jobs, you lose your capital, and the empty factory building is auctioned off. But if you create one of the one million children born out of wedlock every year, you pass along the welfare cost to the government and, as often as not, produce another child. Mr. Varie thinks that is not a good idea and has come up with the ingenious solution of activating, in however diluted form—the law. Very much worth watching, Gem County. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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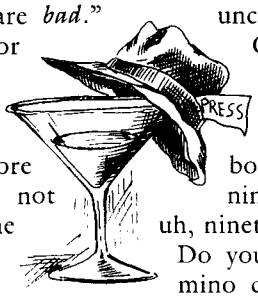
THE GIMLET EYE

JOE BOB BRIGGS

MAYBE you've been in a bookstore or a cappuccino shop lately and heard a Catholic religious service going on through the Muzak. This is *not* a mistake. They're playing this stuff in *singles bars*.

Gregorian chants are hip.

It took 1,400 years for it to happen, but somebody decided, "Hey, man, these liturgical riffs are *bad*." And so people use em for therapy, for background music at cocktail parties, for art-gallery openings, for the music in the theater before the play starts, and I'm not gonna say this is one of the strangest trends of the last 400 years, *but* . . .



It's *weird*. You got these monks in black hoods chanting, as part of the Catholic Mass, and you got hipsters in black leather pants sitting around Beverly Hills restaurants going, "Yeah, man, I dig Vespers and Compline, but Matins is a downer. Who gets up that early anyway?"

You've probly even got leisure-suited salesmen in Omaha hanging out at the Holiday Inn, hitting on women with, "Hey, gorgeous, wanna come up to my room and listen to the Gloria? No? Well, listen, I don't usually do this on the first date, but I've also got the Kyrie. Not the boring one from the seventh century, either. It's the one they started doing in the eleventh century, with all the wild high notes."

How does something like this get started?

Do record-company executives have meetings where they say, "Well, we've got two more Prince albums this year. Tony Bennett is selling. That Whitney Houston single went through the roof. But, now that Cobain is dead, I've been thinking we need something different. You know this dude St. Gregory? He was a singin pope. Dig the bass line on this. It's called Offertory. All his stuff has Black Sabbath–type titles. I think we can move these."

Do people go to all-night dance clubs in Miami and boogie down to the Introit?

Do Gregorian purists only listen to the Alleluia, because it dates to the fourth century and is therefore uncorrupted by the reforms of Charlemagne?

Do people realize that Gregorian chants have been available in Catholic bookstores since the beginning of recorded music about, uh, ninety years ago?

Do you realize Benedicamus Domino could get a bullet in *Billboard* any day now?

This country is getting way too strange for me. Not only are we turning the Lord's Prayer into corporate mood music, but we're doing the same thing with painting and sculpture. I get these catalogues all the time from big-deal art museums, like the Metropolitan in New York, and the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston—and they wanna sell me art to either wear on my body or put on top of my TV set.

And these are not small catalogues. These are, like, nine-thousand-item selections.

How about a Greek Horse Pin, adapted from a bronze horse found at Olympia in 750 B.C.? You can pin one to your lapel for 28 bucks.

In other words, if you go to the museum, and find the "Classical Bronzes from Thessaly" department, you'll see a bronze horse from 750 B.C. But if you don't have time to go to the museum, you can get a cheap miniature copy to wear to the office.

What am I missing here?

Should I feel left out because I don't have a cat-food bowl with Winslow Homer watercolors on it?

Am I hopelessly unhip because I don't have a tie with Egyptian cave paintings on it?

Should I take down the painting of *Poker-Playing Dogs* over my mantel and put up a gold scarf with Gustav Klimt's *The Kiss* on it?

And who is Gustav Klimt?

What is wrong with this picture?

You can get anything with High Art on it now. You can get Picasso jockstraps from these people.

What happened to going to the museum with your third-grade teacher, looking at the art, listening to the lady with orthopedic shoes explain it, then running outside and climbing on the steel modern-art thingy?

Now we would be expected to stop in the gift shop and buy an ashtray for Dad in the shape of the steel modern-art thingy.

Is this supposed to make Dad feel good?

I think not.

Listen up.

I don't want the *Mona Lisa* on my shirt, my hat, my butt, or the soles of my shoes.

I want the *Mona Lisa* hangin on the wall where it belongs.

THE last thing we need is more junk to throw in a drawer where you forget about it until you move, and then you go, "Oh, look! I forgot all about this! My Rembrandt!"

Isn't there something a little, uh, junky about all this?

Aren't these supposed to be art museums?

As the lady in orthopedic shoes used to say, "Don't we all want to treat the museum with respect?"

Leave the catalogues to Spencer Gifts, people. I thank you, and the spirit of Toulouse-Lautrec thanks you.

And as for St. Gregory's singing monks, let's not turn em into posthumous Unitarians, how bout it? I know it sounds great in the tanning bed and everything, but so does Parliament Funkadelic. If we're gonna sing about God, let's make sure it's the same God we believe in. □

Mr. Briggs is a syndicated columnist from Grapevine, Texas.

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THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS ENVISIONED BY MICHAEL GRAVES.

POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.

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